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NATURE IN SCOTT AND LONGFELLOW

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A THESIS

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CHAPTER I

INTRODUCTION

Dame Nature, the beneficent genie, has in all ages, in all climes, in all vicissitudes of man's life, held a powerful sway over his thoughts, his feelings, and his moods. In vain has he tried to subdue her. She has permitted him to control her resources; and these work for him, slave for him, serve him from the cradle to the grave. But who can command the forces of Nature? Who can say to the thunder, "Roll on!" Or to the sea, "Be still!" God alone commands where human potency is inadequate.

The power of Nature over man has been acknowledged through the ages. The Greeks worshipped her as "Demeter"; the Romans named her "Ceres." We of the Christian era consider her and her gifts as a precious boon that God bestows upon man during his earthly sojourn.

Yes, Nature influences the thoughts, the feelings and the moods of man. One of his first speculations upon rising each morning is whether the day will be gloomy or benign. His whole mental and physical set-up is molded in preparation to meet these demands. He
is inspired with fear by the awfulness of an approaching storm. The lightning blinds him. The thunder penetrates into the inmost marrow of his bones. Yet how soothing is the regular swish of the rain as it silently pours down the window pane. It gives the man behind it a feeling of security, a release from the troubles and pitfalls of a heartless world, at least for the moment. A grey cloudy day has the power to cast a veritable pall over man's otherwise happy existence. Nature's gloom can drive him to despair. On the other hand, her forces are strong toward awakening hope of light and life. In short, Nature can make or mar the happiness of man.

Yes, Nature is the veritable background of man's existence on earth. From her he obtains food, clothing, and shelter. Her lavish hand bestows his wheat and corn. Where she is profuse in presenting her gifts, man makes his abode. The barren regions are shunned by him. He seeks her beauties, her love, her caresses. He thrives on her bounty. He loathes her ruggedness, her stern disciplining forces, and her dearth of life's necessities. The first clothing she gave to man was the leaves of her plants and the skins of her animals. Today she arrays him in the beauteous splendor of her gifts. Man wears her woolens and silks, and bedecks himself with her jewels. All these gifts she bestows freely and gratuitously. Furthermore, she shelters him even from her own mad moods. He lives in homes she provided in "forest
primeval." He dwells in castles hewn from the rocky
clefts of her own mountain sides. Although untamable,
she provides for all of man's bodily necessities. She
entwines herself into his life. She becomes part and
parcel of his very existence, and of all his earthly
dreams. She endeavors to absorb his thoughts and all
his faculties.

And man is grateful. He loves Nature. He feels
his dependence upon her. He acknowledges her power. He
extols her praises in his speech and in his writings.
He lauds her benignity and bewails her harshness; praises
her munificence, and mourns her depletion.

The writers of all ages have embodied her praises
into their sagas and epics. Their lyrics and odes speak
of her beauties. Their romances and ballads exalt her,
and their sonnets throb with the love man has for Nature.
But as each writer has his own interpretation of her ac­
cording to his individual understanding and appreciation,
so, too, have the poets sung her praises throughout the
ages. Outstanding among English and American writers
for "facile" descriptions of Nature are: Wordsworth,
Shelley, Byron, Bridges, Lanier, Bryant, Kipling, Davies,
Masefield, Whittier, and others.

But above all these, the works of Sir Walter
Scott and Henry Wadsworth Longfellow have been selected
as a study for this treatise.
Edinburgh is the heart of splendor in Scotland. With the majesty of the ocean on one side, and backed by low-ranging hills which rise into towering mountains on the other, it basks peacefully and securely in the bosom of beautiful Nature. The pulsating life of the city is enriched by the fresh verdure of the eminences which it embodies, as well as by the vegetation of the surrounding mountains. Long lines of drab buildings are broken by magnificent parks, gardens, avenues, cemeteries, and monuments, where the tired eye of the visitor finds refreshment and relaxation, and where his mind can feed on the memories of days long passed.¹

This historic city is an ancient one in world memory and was initially a fort or camp set up near a castle. During the two hundred years of Roman occupation, native power held little sway, but when the invaders withdrew, British tribes re-established themselves. The Britons, however, were subdued by the Picts,

who in their turn yielded to the Saxons, about the year 617. The name, Edinburgh, was given to this place in honor of Edwin, king of the Northumbrians, who led the Saxons in the capture of the famous fortress.\(^2\)

The admirable location of the city has brought about its development as a main artery of travel and commerce; but greater by far is its fame as a literary nucleus that has sprung up within the unfolding vistas of culture. Men like Chambers, Hume, Jeffrey, and Burns have helped to make what is now termed the "Athens of the North." But more than all of these has Sir Walter Scott drawn the gilded veil of poesy and fancy over the city and the country that gave him birth.\(^3\)

Edinburgh, based on castles and forts and surrounded by Nature’s munificence, gave birth, on August 15th, 1771, to this bard of Scotland. His father, Walter Scott, was a writer to the Signet; and his mother was the daughter of Dr. John Rutherford, professor of medicine in the University of Edinburgh.\(^4\)

Walter, the poetic bud, developed normally until he was about eighteen months old, when he contracted a fever which lasted for some days. On the fourth day


\(^3\)Stoddard, op. cit., p. 47.

it was discovered that he had become lame in his right leg. This lameness remained with him through life, and all that his renowned grandsire, parents, uncles, and aunts did for him was of no avail. (It is now supposed that this illness was infantile paralysis.) Every effort was made to cure him, and for this reason he was sent to Sandy-Knowe, a country place; but here a premature development of his mind took place, whereas the limb was not healed. He himself relates that he recalls having been stripped and wrapped in a sheepskin still warm from the slaughtering pen. Thus clothed, he was placed on the floor and urged to crawl, but in vain.\(^5\)

He was to regain his faculties in the open freedom of Nature's domain, where he lay at the feet of the ... shepherd among the crags or rocks around which he fed his sheep." And Lockhart continues to cite Scott's own words, "The impatience of a child soon inclined me to struggle with my infirmity, and I began by degrees to stand, to walk and to run."\(^6\) Nature, whom he later glorified, stretched out her soothing hand and returned the health and strength of which illness had robbed him. However, no full restoration was made; and, in spite of a year at Bath, and the many remedies that were applied, his limb was never fully healed.

\(^5\) Ibid., p. 13.
\(^6\) Ibid., p. 16.
The nature of the sickness, which demanded extraordinary treatment, tore Scott from the influence of his parents and his home. He was sent to his aunt, who lived in the country. Jane Scott had a deep understanding of this sickly child and loved him with the affection of a mother. She recognized his aptitudes and preferences and cultivated his mind accordingly. During the hours she spent at his bedside, she read to him long passages of poetry; and, without much effort on his part, he was able to retain most of them.

It was his delight to con the lines aloud, both when alone and in the presence of others. This practice proved rather annoying to Dr. Duncan, a clergyman, who frequently visited in the home. On one occasion he was so overcome by impatience with the youthful elocutionist that he exclaimed, "One may as well speak in the mouth of a cannon as where that child is." 7

His stay with the aunt eventually came to an end. In his eighth year he was taken back to his father’s home in George's Square, where he remained until his marriage in 1797. 8 With his parents, and the other five children of the family, he lived in peaceful seclusion. We can imagine that, having been pampered by an indulgent grandfather, solicitous uncles, and loving aunts during

7Ibid., p. 15.
8Ibid., p. 19.
years of illness, it was very difficult indeed to adjust himself to regular family routine. But it was a fortu-
nate circumstance for him to be brought to the realiza-
tion of facts, and to learn that life is made up of giv-
ing as well as taking.

The return to his home was at first not welcome
to him, however; and so in his own words he informs us
that "... I felt the change from being a single in-
dulged brat, to becoming a member of a large family very
severely."\textsuperscript{9} But his mother eased this transition of
life very considerably. A true mother in every sense
of the word, she always tempered his difficulties with
her love and understanding. His recollections of her
were those of a noble character who

\begin{quote}
... joined to a light and happy temper of mind
a strong turn to study poetry and works of imagi-
nation. She was sincerely devout, but her re-
ligion was, as became her sex, of a cast less
austere than my father's.\textsuperscript{10}
\end{quote}

Happily Scott received the strengthening influ-
ence of a will for good; and here was laid the founda-
tion to that manly self-control which enabled him always
to lead a pure, upright life of virtue and integrity.
The nucleus of that heroic sense of justice and honesty
which in later life made Scott the idol of fair minded-
ness was inculcated during this period of his life in
the house of his parents.

\textsuperscript{9}Ibid., p. 20.
\textsuperscript{10}Ibid., p. 20.
These virtuous qualities were instilled by a dutiful, God-fearing mother who considered not only the spiritual but also the material life-values of her children. She who loved the good, the noble, the poetic, instilled these affections into her young son. So successful was she in her efforts that we find young Walter, at the age of twelve, penning the first lines of his volumes of poetry and glorification of Nature. In childish accents he babbles of her glory and foreshadows in this, his earliest effort, the triumph which later he was to achieve in painting superb word pictures in his poetry on mountains, lakes and waterfalls, on sunsets and sunrises. From this poem, "On the Setting Sun," we derive a glimpse of what was in his mind at the time,—

Those evening clouds, that setting ray
And beauteous tints, serve to display
Their great Creator's praise;
Then let the short-lived thing call'd man,
Whose life's comprised within a span
To Him his homage raise.
We often praise the evening clouds,
And tints so gay and bold,
But seldom think upon our God,
Who tinged these clouds with gold. 11

Nature, obviously, is in his thoughts. He eulogizes the worship Nature tender to its Creator in silent grandeur, as another of her days files on into eternity.

11 Ibid., p. 78.
In 1632, George Cleves and Richard Tucker made a settlement on Casco Bay which later developed into the present city of Portland. Chiefly because of its fine harbor and advantageous location, it has always been a center of trade and of travel in Maine. Today special fortifications shelter the city and the harbor. Like smaller emeralds guarding the larger stone, the five well-known forts, on their respective islands, form a chain of protection. Between the bay and the mainland extends the beautiful peninsula on which Portland is situated. The semi-island and its surroundings form a magnificent panorama of verdure and color as they placidly repose in security. The scattered forts in and about the bay lend a quaint but picturesque touch to the whole. In this spot, so rich with the inheritance of Nature's beauty, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow was born. Here he took possession of the heritage which Nature's God had provided for him.

The twenty-seventh day in cold February of the year 1807 gave a second son to Stephen Longfellow and to his young wife Zilpah. The genealogy of this child, who was to become famous throughout the modern classical world, dates back to the fifteenth century, when the name appears as "Langfellay" in the records of 1486 in Yorkshire, England. His mother, too, was a descendant of a Yorkshire family, Wadsworth, that occasionally
spelled its name "Wordsworth."¹²

An uncle on the maternal side, Henry Wadsworth, a young naval lieutenant, was killed by the explosion of a fire-ship before the walls of Tripoli. After him Henry Wadsworth Longfellow was named.¹³ His great-great-great-grandfather, William Longfellow, born in Horsforth, England, 1651, was responsible for bringing the name to America. Here he practiced the mercantile trade. His son William was a "village blacksmith." The eldest son of this second William was Stephen I, whose son and grandson, respectively, were Stephen II, and Stephen III. The eldest son of Stephen III was Stephen IV, the father of our poet. Henry had three brothers, of whom Stephen V was older than he, and four sisters.

What a wealth of enjoyment the young Henry must have derived from the company of Elizabeth, Anne, Alex W., Ellen, Mary, and Samuel, the latter his biographer! Within the bosom of this large family the future poet received his training in godliness, obedience, charity, faith, hope, and all the virtues which speak to us from the pages of his writings. Here, too, a high sense of justice was inculcated into the hearts of the children by a dutiful mother.

Zilpah Wadsworth Longfellow was a noble woman.


As the wife of a congressman and lawyer, and the mother of eight children, she played her role admirably. Her gentle and emotional nature, tempered by a Puritan heritage, was neither too lenient nor too harsh. Prayer was her daily solace. The Sundays were always devoted to God's service according to her best knowledge and ability. In the morning her entire family attended the meeting in the church; for the afternoon and evening, a species of "Home Sunday School" was established, at which the Bible was read and interpreted, and hymns were sung. All secular reading in her family was forbidden by this good woman for the entire day.

Her disposition through all trials and sorrows, was always cheerful,—with a gentle and tranquil fortitude. Full of tender, simple, and unquestioned piety, she was a lover of church and of sermon and hymn; a devout and constant reader of the Bible, especially of the Psalms. She commended religion by its fairest fruits.14

Not only did she herself practice virtue, however, but she successfully imbued her children with the love of God and of neighbor. That the seeds sown in the heart of her young son bore ample fruit, one of his earliest teachers, named Carter, testifies when he described him as

. . . . one of the best boys we have in school. He spells and reads very well. He can also add and multiply numbers. His conduct last quarter

was very correct and amiable.\footnote{Ibid., p. 16.}

This was written when Henry Longfellow was but six years of age and depicts his behaviour in public. Young Henry deported himself well in school, and his character manifested itself also in the intercourse with members of his family. About this time of his life, the mother informs us that he was always "true, highminded, and noble." This is an unsurpassed eulogy for a child of so early an age.

He gave himself whole-heartedly to studies, and took lively interest in all that pertained to knowledge. He also made some attempt at writing, and his earliest recorded letter to his father, though unimportant in itself, throbs with the candor and simplicity of a child of seven. He informs the parent of his progress in school, and naively begs for toys for his sister and for himself.

The first poem which Longfellow succeeded in having printed was written when he was a lad of thirteen. Although rather immature, it shows the germ of art in the soul of the youthful aspirant and reveals the love for Nature which he inherited from his mother. He took his inspiration from the stories of warfare between the settlers and the Indians in the vicinity of Portland, where they fought their battles in and around a locality known as Lovell's Pond. The first of the four stanzas

\begin{align*}
\text{[Original text continued]}\end{align*}
is in itself sufficient to exemplify the mood of the entire poem, "The Battle of Lovell's Pond."

Cold, cold is the north wind and rude is the blast
That sweeps like a hurricane loudly and fast,
As it moans through the tall waving pines lone and drear,
Sighs a requiem sad o'er the warrior's bier.16

Even the unpracticed eye and the mind of an untrained reader can readily discover that this poem is in itself insignificant. There is nothing great about it. The topic is simple, unaffected; the meter is faulty, and the aesthetic value is inconsiderable when compared with the great poetry of the world. But it does show his ardent love for Nature. He compares the fury of the wind with the unholy attacks of man upon man. He alludes to the masterpiece of plant life, the majestic tree. He speaks of fame and victory, and his bosom is kindled with the love of his country.

In Longfellow, as in Mendelssohn, "The early promise was late fulfilled in mature performance mainly because thorough training steadied, supplemented, and developed a natural aptitude."17 The germ of ability to write classical poetry is not spontaneously aroused. As the rainwater that seeps down into the pockets of the earth and remains there until the cavity is full, and then returns to the surface as crystallized spring-water,

16Ibid., p. 21.

so too we find impressions and ideas slowly trickling down into the subconsciousness of our great poet; and only in later life did these impressions re-appear in the healing waters of a tranquilizing, beauteous language of artistic sentiment. His gifted mind evolved slowly, but concretely, into the eminence of true poetic values.

In his boyish tramps through the woodlands of his native Maine, Longfellow undoubtedly often came upon scenes such as another American writer, Henry David Thoreau, so graphically delineates in the following passage:

The spruce and fir trees crowded to the track on each side to welcome us, the arbor-vitae, with its changing leaves, prompted us to make haste, and the sight of the canoe birch gave us spirits to do so.18

The captivating charm of the woodlands of Maine entranced the soul of the boy and raised his thoughts to higher realms. This love of natural beauty so influenced the lad that through it he developed tastes and fancies, which in turn made virtue the habit of his life.

**Summary**

Keeping in mind the short treatises on the early lives of these two great poets, we find striking differences and similarities. Scott is the scion of an ancient

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nobility of a land ripe in its culture. Longfellow hails from ancient British stock transplanted to a new world. Both men were born in coastal cities surrounded by Nature's best. Scott's life was launched amid ancient history and traditions; Longfellow was thrown into the cauldron of new surroundings, new land, fresh with odors of unbroken soil, virgin forests, wild flowers, and untamed animals.

The mothers of both these men were ideistically minded women. Both fostered high religious principles. The Sabbath was conscientiously kept by both, even though each followed the natural bent of her sect. In each case the lives of the two poets are those of virtuous men. Some of the writings of Scott are filled with satirical prejudices where religions other than his own are concerned; but those of Longfellow billow in tolerance and bow in worshipful awe in the presence of another man's religion. Both Mrs. Scott and Mrs. Longfellow were lovers of Nature, and this love was transmitted to and expounded in both their sons.

The ill-health of Sir Walter began with his second year and remained through most of his life. He suffered much and variedly, and the state of his health was a damper on his education. Longfellow, on the other hand, enjoyed the acme of good health until overwork and maturity had grappled with his constitution. The influence of health and education, and other vicissitudes in
the lives of these men, as well as the resultant leanings, will be treated in the subsequent chapters of this paper.
CHAPTER III

CULTURAL ADVANTAGES OF SCOTT AND LONGFELLOW

The illness that seized upon Scott when he was eighteen months old, and which caused him to be lame for life, was in great measure responsible for his later development as a writer. As the boy grew, his natural vivacity was taken into consideration by his relatives. During young Walter's long months and years of sickness, his aunt, Miss Janet Scott, frequently held him spellbound by her narration of Border Ballads. The all-absorbing mind of the lad reveled in these tales and made them his own, as we see by his admission:

The Ballad of Hardyknute I was early master of, to the great annoyance of almost our only visitor, the worthy clergyman of the parish, Dr. Duncan, who had not patience to have a sober chat interrupted by my shouting forth this ditty.1

Scott not only retained what he had heard, but during his residence at Bath he attended a Dame School, where he learned to read; and long before he attained the age at which children are usually sent to school, he was able to read Pope's translation of Homer and similar works. As further proof of his retentive powers during his early childhood, we are told that the portrayal of

1Quoted by J. G. Lockhart, Memoirs of Sir Walter Scott, op. cit., p. 15.
the animated scenes of Shakespeare's *As You Like It*, viewed by him at the tender age of four, lived always in his memory. Thus Scott, in spite of certain disadvantages, and through natural ways and means, early began his preparation for the work he was to accomplish in later years.

Not only did Providence, through illness, educational advantages and disadvantages, and natural surroundings, destine Scott as an exemplifier of Nature in literature, but the lad's own use of opportunities presented eventually made him the master-writer for multitudes of children and for hosts of common people. Because of his lameness he spent much time in solitude, where he developed great facility in reading, which was his only achievement when he entered the schoolroom at the age of seven. His limited education proved at once a disadvantage and a spur to his ambition. He wished to head his class. However, one of his classmates was not surpassable; and this circumstance taxed all the ingenuity, keen insight and profound observation which Scott could command. For instance, on one occasion, Scott noticed that whenever a question was asked of his rival, the lad's fingers grasped a particular button on his waistcoat, while his mind went in search of the answer. Scott accordingly anticipated that if he could remove this button, the toy would be thrown out, and so it proved... Scott mastered

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by strategy the place that he could not gain by mere industry . . . .

At the age of sixteen Walter was sent to the High School at Edinburgh, where Luke Fraser and Dr. Adams taught him, and James French was assigned as his tutor. Not only did the lad accomplish more than the ordinary pupil by heading his class, but he often regaled his companions with many an intricately woven story, as he himself admits: "My tales used to assemble an admiring audience round Lucky Brown's fireside, and happy was he who could sit next to the inexhaustible narrator." Nor was this fascination of children for Scott limited to his companions at school. According to the opinion of Stopford Brooke, we find that the youth of all time enjoy his metrical romances.

I am sorry for the children who are not brought up on the poetry of Scott. It is an excellent foundation for the appreciation and love of all other poetry; it lays up in the minds of those who care for it elements of enchanting pleasure in after-life.

Hundreds of similar eulogies are found among the admirers of Scott; and, to quote another, we find that, "from childhood, and all through his school-boy days

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and afterwards, he was a narrator.\textsuperscript{6} As evidence of his popularity with all classes of people, we have the following: "He has a natural, out-of-doors way with him which vitally relates him to his people and to his country and makes him companionable to all sorts of people."\textsuperscript{7} These extracts are proof that the preparation which Scott had obtained fitted him admirably to become what he is, namely, the poet of the people.

In booklore Walter was not a scholar. He was, first of all, a student of Nature. As we have seen, he had a remarkable memory, and impressions once received were never effaced. He delighted in travel, which kept him in the open; and the older he grew, the greater became his enjoyment of Nature. He loved the Tweed and the Teviot, which chiseled for themselves deep beds, and along which were intervening stretches with rank vegetation and a verdant rustic atmosphere. Still, the bleak highlands, like so many bald heads, held an especially peculiar charm for Scott, so that the following lines present his inmost feelings toward Nature in aspects of profusion and dearth:

\begin{quote}
I like the very nakedness of the land; it has something bold, and stern, and solitary about it. When I have been for some time in the rich scenery about Edinburgh which is like ornamented garden land, I
\end{quote}


\textsuperscript{7}Hamilton Wright Mabie, Backgrounds of Literature (New York: The Outlook Co., 1903), p. 255.
begin to wish myself back again among my honest grey hills; and if I did not see the heather at least once a year I think I should die.8

About 1790, Scott, in accordance with the wishes of his father, entered college with the view of preparing himself for the legal profession. In company with his friend, William Clerk, he took his final examination on July 11, 1792; and, unlike most lawyers who wall themselves up in city offices, he chose to minister to the children of Nature as a Circuit Judge in the "braes of Scotland." While on these travels, he met many and varied characters, from whom he extracted tales and Border Ballads on every occasion. But ballad hunting and the pursuit of law cases did not claim the sole interests of young Walter.

In the life of almost every man, there is a time when his affections attach themselves to another with all the love of which the human heart is capable. In the case of Walter Scott, we find that the person whom he regarded with all the ardent love of his young manhood was Margaret Stuart Belches, daughter of Sir John Stuart Belches of Invernay.9 Unfortunately for her admirer, she did not return his love; and, consequently, in 1796 he met the first great catastrophe of his life, when she married William Forbes. Scott tried manfully

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to forget the disappointment he experienced, but it fol-
lowed him through life, so that after Margaret's death,
when he had visited and consoled her mother, he was him-
self overpowered by deep emotion, and as a result we
read in his diary of 1827:

This is sad work. The very grave gives up its
dead, and time rolls back thirty years to add to
my perplexities. I don't care. I begin to grow
case-hardened, and like a stag turning at bay
my naturally good temper grows fierce and dan-
gerous.10

With this all-consuming, unforgettable passion
still fresh from the sting of his rebuff, Walter de-
voted himself more earnestly to the practice of law.
But during his leisure, of which he had a great deal, he
began the pursuit of a literary career. Furthermore, he
wished to prove to the world that his bleeding heart was
not broken.

When later he met Mademoiselle Charlotte Char-
pentier, a young lady of French birth and an orphan, he
married her at Carlisle on Christmas Eve of the year
1797.11 This union was blessed with four children. The
eldest, Charlotte Sophia, born in 1799, became the wife
of John Gibson Lockhart (author of the Memoirs of Sir
Walter Scott); the second, Sir Walter, was born in 1801;

10Hutton, op. cit., p. 32.

11Sir Walter Scott, "Memoir of the Author," The
Poetical Works (Edinurgh: Adam and Charles Black, 1855),
p. 11.
Anne, in 1803; and Charles, in 1805. Charlotte, however, was not the understanding wife whom he required. True, she loved him; but, in spite of her efforts to adapt herself as a helpful companion, she was unable to share his literary tastes, or to appreciate the sterling worth of his character. Her contra-distinctive position is aptly described in the following extract:

She made on the whole a very good wife, only one to be protected by him from every care, and not one to share Scott's deeper anxieties, or participate in his dreams... Poor Lady Scott! It was rather like a bird of paradise mating with an eagle. Yet the result was happy on the whole; for she had a thoroughly kindly nature, and a true heart.

With the passing of the years Charlotte became ever dearer to Sir Walter, and to prove his appreciation of her he provided for her in 1800 the first phaeton ever seen in the countryside about Edinburgh. However, it was when death came to Charlotte that his real devotion to his wife became evident. An urgent matter regarding the business failure of the Ballantyne Publishing Company, with which he was associated, had required his presence in London during the latter days of his wife's illness; and when he received his daughter's sad tidings of the demise of her mother he was heart-broken, as is so vividly disclosed in the following excerpt:

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13Hutton, op. cit., pp. 34, 35.
Never before had he gone to Abbotsford with reluctance. Over and over there churned in his mind the words, "Gone--gone--forever--ever--ever." What should he do with the major portion of his thoughts which had been hers for thirty years? They would be hers for a long time to come, do what he would...14

Although Scott made his home in Edinburgh during the early years of his married life, the subsequent history of his career is so closely entwined with Nature and her open fields, her valleys, her mountains and her rivers, that it is impossible to consider the man in any other surroundings except those of the rugged country of his native land. Like a novice who actually leads the life which is to prepare him for the vocation he will put into practice to the end of his days, Scott spent his time in Bosworth Field, Flodden Field, on and about Mt. Benvenue and the Scotch Highlands, Cheviot Hills, in the vicinity of Loch Katrine, Loch Vennachar and the Border Country, which he was to immortalize in his poems. More than this, he penned his descriptions of natural beauty in the open fields of the country he delineated, as Crockett so beautifully conveys in the following passage:

Looking out towards Neidpath Fell and the "sister heights of Yair" with the "Everdear Tweed," to use Thomas Aird's phrase, in pleasant babble at his feet, and the glamour of old romance around him, the great Minstrel sang his immortal lays.15

Nature, so dear to his heart, bestowed upon him her bounty, impregnated him with her truth and charmed him

14Boas, op. cit., p. 185.
with her magnetic beauty; and with her aid, it can be
said, he changed the tide of literature.

He opened up on every side new scenes of invention . . . . The reign of the schoolmen and copyists was at an end. Nature, history, tradition, life, every thing and every place, were shown by this new and vigorous spirit to be full to overflowing with what had been in the dim eyes of former "soidisant" geniuses, only dry bones; but which, at the touch of this necromancer, sprung up living forms of the most fascinating grace.  

His is the poetry that flows spontaneously from the heart of a man who loved Nature with a virile, ardent love. In every tree and flower, in every crag and fissure, in every cranny and nook, Walter Scott saw the beauty and power of God as reflected in Nature. He was a man of rugged character nurtured by Nature's stern forces. His writings are consequently based on his life, which carried that manly element—vigorous independence of all his predecessors in literature.

The life of Scott as a literary figure can be divided into three periods. The first of these he spent as tenant at Rosetank which, like the other abodes that sheltered him, was situated near the Tweed. Ashes Teil was his home during eight years of his poetic career; and here he penned lines of grandeur in the Minstrelsy, in Marmion, and in The Lady of the Lake.  

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17 Crockett, The Scott Country, p. 163.
Ashesteil his fame as a poet rose to its full height, and the locality is therefore more interesting to students of his poetry than any other Scott Shrine.\textsuperscript{18} Although Scott wrote his most finished works at Ashesteil, he gave the world the largest quantity at his beloved Abbotsford, where he spent the remainder of his fruitful life, penning the novels that made him famous.

From 1812 to his death, on September 21, 1832, Abbotsford was the scene of his greatest triumphs and of his greatest sorrows. Here he was overwhelmed by an incomprehensible literary success. Here he spent thousands of pounds, from the fabulous income yielded by his books, to enlarge and enrich his gorgeous castle. At Abbotsford he wrote almost all of his novels; and at Abbotsford, in 1825, he received the news about the failure of the Ballantyne Publishing Company, in which he was a stockholder.

Because of the inability of the co-proprietors to shoulder the huge debt of $650,000, he resolved to write his fingers to the bone if need be to pay off this large sum. Six months after the Ballantyne failure, while he was in London to readjust the printing business, he received the sad news of his wife's death. He returned to Abbotsford to live the remaining years of his crucifixion, a rather lonely old man. In this

\textsuperscript{18}Ibid., p. 163.
sumptuous home, he suffered the first stroke of paralysis, and later that one which incapacitated him. He went to Italy for the restoration of his health; but, finding that there was no hope of recovery, he had himself brought back to Abbotsford to die. Five days after his death, on September 26, 1832, his remains were removed from Abbotsford for burial in the nearby beautiful ruins of Dryburgh Abbey, which he had so greatly loved and so beautifully described during life.

II

In addition to his attendance at grammar school, young Henry Longfellow was singularly blessed with opportunities of access to good reading materials; and he utilized this advantage to its greatest possibility. Not only did he read in his father's library, which "gave him, as he grew up, access to Shakespeare, Milton, Pope, Dryden, Thomson, Goldsmith," but also "sometimes, of evenings, he got permission to go down to Mr. Johnston's bookstore to look over the few new books that from time to time arrived from Boston."19 His deepest interest, however, lay in The Sketch Book of Washington Irving, which little volume is filled with romantic descriptions of Nature, and which presents characters thoroughly imbued with the vitalizing force of Nature. Irving has written many beautiful passages describing

Nature and her position in the work of authors, one of the outstanding of which is the following:

Her mighty lakes, like oceans of liquid silver; her mountains, with their bright aerial tints; her valleys teeming with wild fertility; her tremendous cataracts, thundering in their solitudes; her boundless plains, waving with spontaneous verdure; her broad deep rivers rolling in solemn silence to the ocean; her skies, kindling with the magic of summer clouds and glorious sunshine;—no, never need an American look beyond his own country for the sublime and beautiful natural scenery.20

Irving here uses the description of Nature as a scaffolding which supports literature; and, following his example, Longfellow built upon her the structure of his lyrical compositions so firmly that they have withstood the ravages of time and will be the joy of the majority of common people through the coming ages.

About the time when young Henry had, in the estimation of his parents, acquired all the knowledge the local school could offer; the older son, Stephen, had been accepted at Bowdoin College and the father decided that, for the sake of companionship, Henry was to accompany his brother. In order to be able to reap the rich heritage of other nationalities, Henry began the study of several modern languages while taking courses in law, which was the chosen profession of the father for this particular son. Henry, however, delighted in reading

about Nature, and he described her moods, both sad and gay, in each of his early poems. In the "Prelude" he devoutly speaks of "Nature with folded hands . . . kneeling at her evening prayer."21 A feeling of awe and mystery envelopes the reader when he comes upon the "Hymn to the Night," wherein Longfellow produces the following uncanny line: "I heard the trailing garments of the Night."22 The general impressions made upon him by Nature and his embodiment of her into his verses is graphically explained by the following expository passage:

His earliest poems on Nature revealed a certain objectivity of treatment as though the poet were really trying to interpret for himself in his own language the impressions that the scenery made upon him.23

The poems Henry wrote while at college, as well as those of later years, show forth Nature's magnificent array of colors; they entrance the reader with melodious sounds; but particularly do they describe the sea in lilting, throbbing accents. Numerous critics agree that his poems of the sea are among the most artistic that Longfellow has written.


22Ibid., p. 2.

The poems which bring the first unmistakable announcement that a vigorous creative artist has come are the "Skeleton in Armor" and the "Wreck of the Hesperus" both distinctly sea poems.24

His metrical romances, too, as for example The Courtship of Miles Standish and the Acadian tale, are flecked with thoughts of the majestic ocean, as these examples prove:

Out of the sea rose the sun, and the billows rejoiced at his coming;25

. . . . but at stated seasons the floodgates
Opened, and welcomed the sea to wander at will
o'er the meadows . . . .
Sea-fogs pitched their tents, and mists from the mighty Atlantic
Looked on the happy valley, but ne'er from their station descended.26

The sea that Longfellow depicts is not the living, writhing creature that throbs with the pulses of passion, but a placid water whose measured movements match the majestic serenity of Henry's character.

In 1825 occurred an event which colored the subsequent life of Longfellow. This brought the future author into still closer contact with his beloved books, gave him opportunity to enlarge his mind and mold his character and fill his soul with the enjoyment of Nature while he made himself possessor of an ample portion of the world's knowledge of languages. "Madame Bowdoin had given to the college named for her husband the sum of

26Ibid., p. 95.
one thousand dollars toward the founding of a Professorship of Modern Languages."27 Because of his facile translation of one of Horace's odes, investigated by an examining committee, the administration of Bowdoin College offered the professorship to Longfellow, who accepted under the condition that he be given time to prepare for the post. The young man's request was respected, and, accordingly, he began his extended tour over Europe, sailing from New York, May 15, 1826. Professor George Ticknor, of Harvard College, Cambridge, had given the young student letters of recommendation to Professor Eichhorn, Robert Southey and Washington Irving, who was then in Europe.28 One of his earliest letters he wrote from Europe was addressed to his mother and describes the facilities for study which he found at Anteuil, France.

Attached to the house is an extensive garden full of fruit trees, and towers, and alcoves, where the boarders ramble and talk from morning till night. This makes the situation an excellent one for me; I can at any time hear French conversations—for the French are always talking.29

Having mastered French to his own satisfaction, he journeyed into Spain. Most of the distance he traversed on foot, which practice enabled him to enjoy Nature to the fullest extent. In Spain he found not

28 Higginson, op. cit., p. 46.
29 Ibid., p. 46.
only enchanting scenery, which he later immortalized in his poems, but here, for the first time in his life, he also came into contact with the practices of the Catholic religion, both in public and in private life. In a letter to his father, written at Madrid on July 16, 1827, he records the unforgettable impressions such manifestations made upon his mind.

I was at the opera; and in the midst of the scene, the tap of a drum at the door, and the sound of the friar's bell, announced the approach of the Host. In an instant the music ceased; a hush ran through the house; the actors . . . bowed their heads; and the whole audience turned toward the street and threw themselves on their knees. It was a most singular spectacle; the sudden silence, the immense kneeling crowd, the group upon the stage, and the decorations of the scene, produced the most peculiar sensations in my mind. 30

To Longfellow, Spain was ever a land of enchantment, soft voices, soft colors, rich aromas. Much of his young heart went out to Spain; but in his poems, "Castles in Spain," "The Spanish Student," "It Is Not Always May," we find only a faint echo of the fascination which this land of magic exercised over him. He saw both the sturdy buildings of the cities and the mountainous countryside, where he absorbed the deep glory of southern skies and valleys green with verdant fertility.

From Spain the young student went to Italy, where he spent the year 1828 studying Italian and visiting Rome, Naples, Venice and a number of mountain
villages. Years later he glorified the natural beauty of this romantic land in such poems as "Monte Cassino," "Amalfi," and "The Sermon of St. Francis," from which are taken the following gems of freshness:

The woodlands glistened with their jeweled crowns.
Sits Amalfi in the heat,
Bathing ever her white feet
In the tideless summer seas.  

Then as the year drew to a close, he began preparations for a journey northward into Germany.

The ability to converse in four languages—English, French, Spanish, and Italian—besides a working knowledge of Greek and Latin—did not quench the thirst for knowledge possessed by our future poet. He felt that without German his cycle of languages would be incomplete. Therefore, he devoted the year 1829 to the study of that language. While in Germany, he keenly felt the absence of companionship and often gave himself up to melancholy broodings. To be thus depressed was a natural consequence, coming as he did from romantic Spain and sunny Italy into nebulous Germany. He speaks of "a leaden sky overhead, and twilight stealing in at the window." "It is a disheartening day," he continues, and touchingly adds, "My poetic career is finished . . . ."  

he had acquired the knowledge of a fifth language, the German, before he permitted himself to consider a return to America.

After completing his studies on the continent, he visited London, Oxford, Stratford; and thereafter he set sail from Liverpool for the homeland of his heart.

In the fall of 1829 he was given the offices of instructor in modern languages and librarian at Bowdoin College. What to a modern teacher might prove a serious handicap was to Longfellow an opportunity for advancement. He wrote almost all of his own text-books, and made other translations from the Greek, the Latin, and the Italian. He had remained at Bowdoin for five years when once again the desire for more journeyings and more knowledge took such firm possession of him that he resigned his position at college and turned his face again toward Europe, in preparation for the professorship of modern languages and belles-lettres which Harvard College offered him with a much larger salary than he had hitherto received.

Having met and fallen in love with Mary Storer Potter, he married her in 1831; and now, four years later, he planned that his young wife and a few of her friends should enjoy the European tour with him. The happiness of the young couple was, however, of short duration, for the strenuous travels of those days proved too rigorous for the delicate health of Mrs. Longfellow. She became ill and after several weeks of suffering passed away at
Rotterdam on November 29, 1835. Longfellow was heartbroken. Far from home, in a strange land, he buried all the hopes of his happy young life. Fortunately, his studies and travel in Europe held his attention. While in Switzerland he met Miss Frances Elizabeth Appleton, from Massachusetts, whose friendship did much to retrieve the broken spirit of the young writer. In 1836 he returned to America to accept the offer that Harvard had advanced.

Few poets can do their best work until some great sorrow has purified their souls, until they have been made to think and feel deeply. But once their souls have drunk the chalice of anguish and suffering, they spontaneously burst forth into song. A man who feels deeply also suffers deeply. Longfellow, who loved deeply, suffered so greatly at the death of his wife that thereafter he felt the need to express his thoughts in poetry. His life at this time is aptly summed up by one of his admirers.

Longfellow had time for literature and for society. The years were richly productive, as the following biographical lists show: Outre-Mer; Hyperion, Voices of the Night ... Evangeline, Kavanagh ... The Song of Hiawatha ... .33

While Longfellow taught at Harvard, he again felt the need for home-life. He had once enjoyed the happiness of domesticity in his own dwelling, and the old

longing for it again pursued him. Day after day, as he passed through the streets of Cambridge, his eyes rested on a famous old house which had sheltered General Washington "during the siege of Boston." He finally made bold to ask the little old widow, Mrs. Graigie, the present owner, for the use of some of her rooms. She was adamant and flatly refused to let them to any more students; but when she learned that the young author of Outre-Mer, a little volume she had thoroughly enjoyed reading, was asking to be admitted, she allowed him to use the rooms vacated by Mr. Land, a former tenant. Thus Longfellow became established in the home which was to shelter him to the end of his earthly career.

He did not find the happiness he sought in living alone, however, and after a lengthy courtship he finally succeeded in winning Miss Appleton, seven years after their first meeting in Europe. In the meantime Mrs. Graigie had died, and the father of Longfellow's bride presented the roomy house to the young couple as a wedding gift.

In Craigie House, then, Longfellow and his young wife were established. He was now a Harvard professor and a family man. His second wife was in the truest sense a help-mate to him. Their wedding trip proved to


35Ibid., p. 121.
be an inspiration to poetry; for, while visiting the arsenal at Springfield, Mrs. Longfellow suggested that he write about it a poem expounding Peace. Accordingly he wrote "The Arsenal at Springfield." Other poems which were a direct outcome of his married life at Cambridge were "The Children's Hour," which describes his three daughters in their childhood, and "The Old Clock on the Stairs," which embodies much of the history of the poet's family life.

From 1836 to 1854, Longfellow taught at Harvard. But finding that instruction of youth is a handicap to writing, he severed all connections with the university and spent the remaining portion of his life composing his masterpieces.

III

There is a vast difference in the cultural advantages of these two poets. Longfellow's mind was, from his earliest childhood, wholly immersed in books, and this absorption reached such a degree that reading and study became a veritable passion with him. His whole being was engrossed in an acquisition of knowledge through the instrumentality of books. He wrote all of his original poems with the help and in the company of books, and he translated volume after volume from various languages, as is indicated by the following observation:
The Dante meetings at "Craigie House" had a symbolic significance, for these post-war years were an age of translation, as the post-Revolutionary epoch a generation before was an age of historical writing.

Translations always made from and by the aid of books constituted much of Longfellow's work. Scott, on the contrary, had no desire for learning as such. His reading was done chiefly in the lighter vein, while his works of translation were few and from the German alone.

The formal education of Walter Scott consisted of folklore and ballads furnished by his aunt, and through grammar, high school, college and law courses. Longfellow, too, passed through the same stages of educational development, with his mother as first instructor; but before he had completed his law course he had already decided to become a college professor and writer.

Travel enhanced the education of Longfellow, however scantily it is reflected in his writings. On Scott, travel would undoubtedly have produced such broadening influences as might have colored all his subsequent works; but he had limitations in respect to travel, which for him was insular, with one exception. Each new journey of Longfellow made him intellectually a richer man, while Scott came home from his one tour to southern Europe a man broken alike in body and in spirit.

Whereas travel abroad was not for Scott, we know

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that the dank odor and freshness of the morning dew permeate his writings, while a musty smell as of old books in old libraries pervades the atmosphere we find in much of Longfellow's work. We know that "Scott composed more than one poem on horseback," and, to prove that there is a certain amount of realism in the romantic Walter, Goethe says of him:

You find everywhere in Walter Scott a remarkable security and thoroughness in his delineations, which proceed from his comprehensive knowledge of the real world, obtained by life-long studies and observations and a daily discussion of the most important relations. He is equal to his subject in every direction in which it takes him.

Quite unlike Scott, Longfellow is the writer of pure imagination and borrowed ideas. He did not compose his poems on horseback, riding over braes and through rivers; but his finest works were written in the study at Craigie House, while he was seated at the tall desk near a window. He lacks the originality we find in Scott, even as the following testifies:

Mr. Carpenter's thinking and feeling about the poetry of Longfellow is that it is the poetry of sentiment; that it is the poetry of the library and not of the street and field; that its pictorial effects are compositions of generalized

Longfellow fashioned his ideas according to pattern and design; and, to some extent, he did the same with his versification. Unlike Scott, he obtained his knowledge not from observation, but from a serious study of European authors.

Both Longfellow and Scott are classed with the romantic poets in that they followed the German idealism, embodied Nature into their poetry, and by their choice of romantic themes distinguished themselves from the classics. In many of Scott's poems we find the weird element; but outstanding in this respect is the Lay with its Goblin-Page, The Lady of the Lake with Brian and Alice Brand, and the Fiery Cross, and Marmion with its passages on the Palmer. Traces of the supernatural element are found in many of Longfellow's poems, but particularly in the "Burial of the Minnisink," "Footsteps of the Angels," "The Skeleton in Armor," while Nature is enhanced by almost all of his works, so that he is placed as follows: "Dana, Bryant, Longfellow, represented the new susceptibility to certain romantic ideas and modes." Nature is the pivot upon which the themes of both poets


were made to swing. In their longer works we find succinct passages descriptive of Nature used by them in accordance with this exemplification:

A spray could not tremble in the breeze—a leaf could not rustle on the ground—a diamond drop could not patter in the stream—a fragrance could not exhale from the humble violet, nor a daisy unfold its crimson tints to the morning, but it has been noticed by these impassioned and delicate observers, and wrought up into some beautiful morality. 41

Love of the haunting beauties of the "great, beautiful, wonderful world," its miracles of grandeur, its intricate loveliness, and its Elysian splendors were the loves of both Scott and of Longfellow; but each poet had a different source for his love and divergent channels of expression.

Had we ever had the good fortune to see Scott and Longfellow together, we should have been struck by the difference in their appearance. Longfellow's tall light frame was a contrast to the broad, stocky build of Scott. The insular poet, with his habits of hunting and fishing, together with his passion for folk-lore and ballads, is possibly, of all writers of literature, the most closely related to our modern cowboy. Horses and dogs are favorites with cowboys; Scott treated these animals as friends and companions, spoke to them, petted them, fed them with his own hand, and mourned for them when they died. Cowboys ride across prairies and through

streams in following their herds and exercising vigilance over them. Scott spent days in the saddle, accumulating legends and folk-lore which he wished to embody in his collection. Songs have a great share in the lives of cowboys, songs that are truly the ballads of a newer age and another clime, for they embody the loves and hates, the hopes and fears, the joys and sorrows of the people who gave them being. Scott is the master-singer of Scottish ballads. One of his greatest works is the collection of Border Ballads which he left to the world, the fruit of which is his own Lay, one of the finest poems ever written. Furthermore, the figure of Scott, and his attire, as described by W. S. Crockett, closely resemble that of our American cowboy.

He was tall, and of a large and powerful frame. His dress was simple, and almost rustic. An old green shooting coat, with a dog-whistle at the buttonhole, brown pantaloons, stout shoes that tied at the ankles, and a white hat that had evidently seen service.  

The clothing of Sir Walter was often disarranged, his boots were caked with mud, and his hands besmirched with grime and the blood of game. Longfellow, on the other hand, was always the elite gentleman. His hands were never soiled with river mud; nor were his trousers besmirched with the blood of partridges that he had shot. No dogs ever trailed his path; nor is he famous for horseback-riding. Who can imagine him in any other than

42Crockett, Abbotsford, p. 83.
a fine wool suit, a white shirt, starched collar and cuffs, with neatly arranged tie, dress shoes, and, on special occasions, a silk top hat?

Scott's disposition was that of the virile, hardy pugilistic type. Longfellow was meek, refined, reticent. He danced only with the older ladies, because they appreciated him; but the other was different.

Scott would perhaps have been a soldier if he had not been lame. War and its pageantry were his delight. He was the ardent quartermaster of a volunteer corps, and rode a hundred miles in twenty-four hours to muster, composing a poem on the way... In boyhood... he was renowned as a pugilist.

As widely different as were these men in character and disposition, so widely are they unlike in their poetry, and especially in their use of Nature. Their critics are well aware of this fact; and while both poets have qualities that will make their works live, there remains a distinguishing note which definitely places each man into a class by himself. The force and vigor of Scott, as he portrays character in his writings, are aptly described by him who wrote: "Scott is the most imaginative, and at the same time the justest writer of our language since Shakespeare died." Longfellow's mild personality, his love for humanity, his adaptability to the potentialities of the common people are accurately referred

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to by the critic who states: "Lucidity, gentleness, musicality—these are the essential qualities of Longfellow's poetry."  

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CHAPTER IV

SCOTT, THE ROMANTICIST

Nature has various admirers and clients in diversified stages of ardor. There is the casual observer who revels in her forms of beauty, magnificence of color, and delicacy of order. She has her students, who like Burroughs, Burtank, Muir, Thoreau, Izaak Walton, and Madame Curie, pry into her mysteries by scientific and observant research. But her special devotees are those who delve into her domain with a view of extracting from her the vitalizing story of life, the valued delineation of true estimation in both the natural and the supernatural realms, the poet and the philosopher who explore her riches, and display her treasures for the enjoyment and appreciation of those who read their works. Among these Wordsworth reigns supreme in his adaptation of ideals which glorify Nature and raise her unto the state of goddess. With him exaltation of Nature has become a form of worship, a religion in itself; and in his "Prelude" he speaks of her as a "Spirit of the universe." Shelley, too, deifies her, principally in his "Hymn to Intellectual Beauty." Burns, Byron, and the immortal Shakespeare, as well as Scott and Longfellow, treat Nature in her proper sphere, for they, with slight
deviations, make her a background for their poetry. We shall, therefore, look into the works of Scott and Longfellow and gauge their principles by what is found in their poetic interpretation of Nature.

All the critics seem to agree that romanticism, in all its fullness, dominated the writings of Sir Walter Scott. Therefore, we, first of all, consider the principal tendencies of the romantic poet in application to Sir Walter.

Although the Scottish bard spent much of his life in the metropolis of Scotland, his heart remained with Nature in the open fields, the mountains and vales, the rivers and traes, and the wide country-side of his homeland. He treated his fellow-men, as well as the characters in his poems and novels, in the spirit of the common brotherhood of man. His writings are impregnated with a deep picturization of wonder and mystery. The unnatural and the bizarre claim an ample share in his works. He employs great liberty in the manipulation of verse forms, and he makes little use of polished phrases, finished oration, rhythmic cadence, and perfect form. Nevertheless, his dashing spirit, his love of Nature as depicted in flashing scenic descriptions, his interest in reviving historic and legendary events, make Scott one of the most interesting writers of the romantic period, so much so that he was more widely read, particularly during his lifetime, than his contemporaries, the famous
Wordsworth, Coleridge, Byron, Shelley, and Keats. Further convincing reasons that Scott is a poet of the romantic school are clearly stated in the following estimate:

Scott began his career as a poet; he was a great champion of romantic poetry, and never lost the poetic touch, even in his novels . . . . His earliest work was building of the ballad as a sophisticated literary form and the applying of free verse-molds and poetic devices to stirring tales of old Scotland.

In his The Lay of the Last Minstrel, more than in any other of his metrical romances, did Scott revive the ancient ballad in a new form. He lengthened it from a short anonymous story to a full-length romance, not originated by a group but composed by a single person. One of the old characteristics of ballads from which Scott refrains throughout his poems is that of moralizing. In place of the single episode of the ballad, Scott uses a succession of episodes, linking one with the other in the fashion of a longer narrative. On occasion, he deviates from the topic and enters into enchanting descriptions of Nature, which he in turn utilizes as foundational work for his story. He often uses dialogue to enhance the interest of his romantic song. He introduces figures of speech, but he refrains from repetition, which was a vital characteristic of the ancient ballad. His position as a writer of ballads is admirably summed up in lines

written by a critic of ability:

In general the lays are much feeter as stories than the novels; only "The Lady of the Lake" and "The Lord of the Isles" (poems of an elaborate ballad kind) are well told; in the others the interest does not rest upon the story, but on the episodes and digressions of pageant and colour and nature.

Moreover, both in the ballads and in his other stories, as well as in his actual dealings with his fellow-man, Scott admirably reveals a notable love for his neighbor.

The greatness of Scott is amply displayed in his relations with those with whom he lived and came into contact. His manner was never haughty, disdainful, or condescending, but ever that of a true friend who regarded his neighbor as his equal, regardless of the latter's inferiority in wealth, station and mental ability.

In the matter of graciousness and ability, Hamilton Wright Mabie considers Scott one of the world's kindliest spirits no less than a foremost writer of literature.

There is, however, something humorous in the patronizing attitude of a little group of very modern, deft, expert framers of sentences toward this large, friendly, affluent mind, this warm, generous, gracious spirit, who shares with Shakespeare, Lope De Vega, and Victor Hugo the indifference of the possessor of a great fortune to the details of his bequests to his kind.

He was ever benevolent and complaisant to those who worked with him; and the friendships he formed were firm.

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3 Matie, Backgrounds of Literature, p. 249.
and lasting, so that one critic can truthfully say, "Scott, Hogg, Leyden—a noble triumvirate—are the outstanding names by Tweed, Yarrow, and Teviot." All three wrote poetry, and Scott associated with the two friends as though they were his brothers. Furthermore, Sir Walter was the kindest of masters to all of his servants; he treated them more as equals than as menials, which fact is strikingly brought home to us if we recall that after the failure of the Ballantyne Publishing Company, with which Scott was involved, he could no longer pay his servants for their ministrations and yet they remained with their old master for the sake of his companionship without remuneration. A graphic example of Scott's affection for his servants and of his appreciation of their services thus generously rendered is seen on the occasion of Scott's return from Italy.

Abbotsford, a mile ahead, was soon reached. Laidlaw—a big lump in his throat we may be sure—was waiting at the door, and assisted to carry his dying master and friend to the dining-room, where his bed had been prepared. He sat bewildered for a moment or two, then resting his eyes on Laidlaw, as if trying to recollect, said immediately, "Ha, Willie Laidlaw! O man, how often have I thought of YOU!"

How touching this meeting between master and servant!

Yes, it is like the meeting of two old friends after long and enforced separation. Moreover, these few

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4Crockett, The Scott Country, p. 112.
5Crockett, Abbotsford, p. 116.
reflections prove, to some extent, that Scott was a romanticist not only in his writings, but also by example in the living actualities of intercourse with his fellow-man.

Sir Walter is famous for the avoidance of description of passion, physical charm and ardent love scenes. He did not, however, eschew these themes because he was incapable of knowing and portraying deep and lasting passion, otherwise the death of Williamina, the woman to whom he had given the enduring love of his pristine manhood, could not have so deeply aroused his emotions after thirty years, when his own marriage had been a success in the eyes of the world. "Yes, indeed, Scott possessed deep feelings, though he did not exhibit them to the public."6 He gives us, for example, a glimpse of his inmost soul in Marmion, when he says:

\[
\text{If age had tamed the passions' strife} \\
\text{And fate had cut my ties to life},^7
\]

\[
\text{They who whilom, in midnight fight,} \\
\text{Had marvell'd at her matchless might,} \\
\text{No less her maiden charms approved,} \\
\text{But looking liked, and liking loved}.^8
\]

His writings reflect the experiences of his life, which experiences were constant self-abnegation, and kindness, in order to make happy her whom he had chosen to be his

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6Quiller-Couch, op. cit., p. 61.
7Scott, op. cit., p. 129.
8Ibid., p. 182.
wife, and not to permit her to feel that the love she possessed was not all that he was capable of giving. Had he permitted Charlotte to feel slighted, one who venerated Scott as a hero could not have written of him as he was in his later years:

Would he have been so bad a match for Williamina? But she had been false and his Charlotte had been true. A dear companion she had been; perhaps their love hadn't been quite so glowing; but it stood the test of time. They were fonder than ever of each other now; they were companions in the best sense.

The fact that Sir Walter so constantly restrained the ardent affection he felt for his first and only true love is reflected in his poetry. There is, however, one deep affection which constantly receives mention both directly and indirectly; as one admirer states, "The only deep passion in Scott's poetry is Patriotism—the passion of place."³

Scott is found to be much more "romantic" in his writings than Longfellow. He goes into the wilds of the great out-of-doors, away from the haunts of men, and then describes Nature as found in the isolation of the wild mountain, rarely trodden by human foot; and the very characters he embodies within his stories are those of men and women who live in the heart of a virgin land. That Scott was tutored more by Nature than by schools

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³Boas, op. cit., p. 62.

¹⁰Williamson, op. cit., p. 53.
and colleges is admirably revealed in a passage written by one who knew him well through close study of his qualities, interests, and abilities.

He attended the Grammar School at Kelso . . . . but his real teacher was the noble country about him, through which he walked with the energy of an explorer and the joy of a poet. Two rivers, beautiful in themselves and flowing out of the fairyland of Scottish song and story,—the Tweed and the Teviot,—were close at hand; ancient and picturesque ruins were within reach.11

Again and again, while perusing the writings of Scott, as also the criticisms concerning him, we come upon passages which indicate that Scott was deeply in love with fair Dame Nature, in the wildness of her original haunts.

What a rich store of delight would Scott have added to our wealth of literature had he had the sources of primordial environment of America, in its pristine freshness, as the topic for his pen! What a marvelous fund of national literature would America possess today, and what a rich heritage would he have bestowed upon the millions who were yet to come! Scott wished, above all, to be the voice and inspirer of the young and of their romance; to have their praise, which is contained in their pleasure, from age to age; to be the kindler of their first joy, in nature, in ancient historic places, in the story-telling of wild love and sorrow; to establish that pleasure, so that in afteryears they carry with them the power to make all lands romantic; to nourish into strength and passion the romantic heart,—this is Scott's enduring fame as a poet.

11 Mabie, Backgrounds of Literature, p. 280.
It is a just fame, worth a man's life and it is the final criticism of his place as a poet for humanity. 12

Manifestly, the perception and transcription of Nature by the American and the Scotch singers are individual; and in his own way each of them differs from the other, as well as from all others.

Like Scott, Longfellow is not a poet's poet, but a writer for the majority of common people. Sales, numerically the largest in the history of literature, can be traced to both of these poets. Their works were not only widely read in the language in which they were written, but they were translated into many other languages. Copies of their poems found their way into the palaces of kings as well as into the hovels of the poor.

In Scott, however, are found few of the traits that stand out in the works of Longfellow; and, again, the qualities found so abundantly in the poems of the romantic bard are uncommon in the works of the Victorian American. Scott is full of the romantic element—the wild, the unnatural, and the bizarre—notably in his poetic descriptions of Nature in his Lay, where passages of the German mysticism are found in greatest abundance.

And the Lady had gone to her secret tower; Her tower that was guarded by word and by spell, Deadly to hear, and deadly to tell— Jesu Maria, shield us well!

12Brooke, op. cit., p. 59.
No living wight, save the Ladye alone,
Had dared to cross the threshold stone,\textsuperscript{13}

And thus had Harold, in his youth
Learn'd many a Saga's rhyme uncouth,—
Of the Sea-Snake, tremendous curl'd,
Whose monstrous circle girds the world;
Waked the deaf tomb with war's alarms,
And bade the dead arise to arms!\textsuperscript{14}

Scott begins with the description of a deep dark secret and thereby arouses an indefinable fear. The reader wonders if the troublous aspect lies in the plants that constitute the tower, or in the secret magical powers of the threshold-stone over which the "ladye" alone dares to tread; in the mysterious sea-serpent, or in the tomb from which the dead arise and battle for their rights. The idea of secrecy always weaves a magical spell over all it touches, and here especially it brings awe and wonder to the mind of the reader.

With dexterous hand the Scotch poet weaves for us a refined and subdued picture of the weird element in the lines describing the old monk as he led William of Deloraine to the grave of the wizard, Michael Scott.

Now, slow and faint, he led the way,
Where, cloister'd round, the garden lay;
The pillar'd arches were over their head,
And beneath their feet were the bones of the dead.\textsuperscript{15}

A minor climax of Scott's gruesome pictures is reached

\textsuperscript{13}Scott, \textit{op. cit.}, p. 36.
\textsuperscript{14}\textit{Ibid.}, pp. 94, 95.
\textsuperscript{15}\textit{Ibid.}, p. 46.
when he gives us the monk's description of his burial of the wizard and his magic book. It took supernatural courage on the part of the old man to venture out alone at the ghostly hour of midnight to bury the dead wizard among the dead. Linked with this is the true climax of German romanticism in the episode of the opening of the grave by Deloraine, when he finds the remains of Michael Scott intact, overspread by the ghastly, eternally glaring "sepulchral light" enclosed within the tomb, when he sees the frown on the face of the corpse as he robs it of the magic book, while the sobbing and the ghostly laughter of the fiends is heard in the great hallways of Melrose Abbey.

Then, Deloraine, in terror, took
From the cold hand the Mighty Book,
With iron clasp'd, and with iron bound;
He thought, as he took it, the dead man frown'd. 16

Many more passages of the German romanticism are found in the Lay, none of which, however, equal those treating of the sepulchral atmosphere of Michael Scott.

A tremor of fear pulsates through the reader as he lives again in Scott's enchanted scenes of unnatural wonder. Further examples of the Gothic romanticism are found in the burial of Constance Beverley and her companion while yet alive in the dungeon vault, the Host's Tale, the encounter Marmion had with the supposed phantom knight at midnight near the inn, Sir David Lindsay's

16*Itid.*, p. 49.
Tale regarding the ghostly warning given to King James that he should abstain from war, the apparition of the scene of war to the Abbess of Whitby during her meeting with the Palmer, the demon huntsman seated on the iron treasure-chest of the last Lord Francheumont. All these occur in Marmion, and those closely allied with Nature are none the less real, even though they be less gruesome. Only one example is here quoted:

Through the rude barriers of the lake,
Away its hurrying waters break,
Faster and whiter dash and curl,
Till down yon dark abyss they hurl.
Rises the fog-smoke white as snow,
Thunders the viewless stream below,
Driving, as if condemn'd to lave
Some demon's subterranean cave,
Who, prison'd by enchanter's spell,
Shakes the dark rock with groan and yell. 17

Not only was Scott fascinated by ancient tales of romantic artificiality, but he knew his ancient lore and his judgment led him to fit it into the mystic tales that he wove for an awe-inspired audience. One of the most accurate interpretations of the skill with which Scott wrote is given in a passage that proves how the fruit of Scott's Nature studies is found in his works and linked with the Gothic romanticism so prevalent in his poems.

Marmion, like the Lay, depends for much of its effect upon descriptions of scenery and chivalrous manners; we at once detect in the narrative the author's recollections of his own excursions.

17 Ibid., pp. 130, 131.
in Northumberland and in the country districts between Berwick and Edinburgh; the multiformity of his antiquarian knowledge is displayed in the notes to the Cantos describing the Castle of Norham and the Court of King James. But these picturesque details are now organized around a plot resembling in all its characteristic features the plan of romance adopted in Mrs. Radcliffe's novels.18

That Scott was a great exponent of the German romanticism can be further shown in many passages of his poems; and a particular substantiation is found in the following paraphrase of a narrative which he embodied in the Lay.

The story of Gilpin Horner was one which was current in the district. One night some men returning to their homes at Eskdale Muir, on the Border heard a voice calling "tint, tint, tint," (lost). They called and a mis-shapen dwarf child appeared. It lived in Eskdale for some time, then one evening a voice was heard crying, "Gilpin Horner." The dwarf answered, "That is me, I must away," and disappeared, at the call, it was supposed of the devil, who thus reclaimed his own.19

Could any tale be more breath-takingly phantastic? Such is the proficiency displayed by Scott in using both the natural and the supernatural to fascinate his readers.

Examples of this same mysticism in The Lady of the Lake are not so abundant nor so hyper-gruesome as those of the Lay, but they are much closer to Nature and


therefore worthy of mention.

The dell, upon the mountain's crest,
Yawn'd like a gash on a warrior's breast;
Suspended, cliffs in hideous sway,
Seem'd nodding o'er the cavern gray.
From such a den the wolf had sprung,
In such the wildcat leaves her young. 20

More than all other delineations of Nature in the poems of Scott and Longfellow is the use of Nature as a background to their stories. This is practically the sole use that the insular poet makes of her, excepting German romanticism, while Longfellow, because of his studies, no doubt, has used her in more divergent forms. Scott's love is "the love of nature for its own sake." 21

Fresh from the heart of Nature, he delights in the splendor she presents, particularly on mountain and lake, in the wild flashes of lightning during the storm, as well as in the subdued light of the declining day. He is unique in treating Nature as he does, the best interpretation of which is epitomized in the thoughts of an admiring critic.

Nature to him is not, apart from her forms, in any sense alive. A cloud is a cloud, a stream a stream, a rock a rock. They have no soul, no voice, no consciousness of joy, as they would have to Wordsworth. If he speak of sorrow, or peace, or pleasure in connection with these natural objects, the sorrow, peace, and pleasure are his own. He never thinks that nature has

20 Scott, op. cit., p. 289.

21 Brooke, op. cit., p. 94.
brought them to him or that nature shares in them. He always feels himself distinct from nature.22

In the Lay, more than in his other poems, Scott utilizes the weirdness of the romantic school, rather than Nature, to hold the interest of his readers; and this work is a perfect example in which "Scott is one of the few men who can make a verse narrative march directly on from page to page."23 However, besides the passages of uncanny mystery, there are those on Nature, woven into a background of the story, some of which are here given consideration.

The most beautiful of all instances where Scott chisels the background of the story in delicately artistic lines is found in the second Canto of the Lay where he gives us a picture of Melrose Abbey under the bewitchingly fair effulgence of "pale moonlight."

If thou wouldst view fair Melrose aright,  
Go visit it by the pale moonlight;  
When the broken arches are black in night,  
And each shafted oriel glimmers white;  
When buttress and buttress, alternately,  
Seem framed of ebon and ivory;  
When silver edges the imagery,  
And the scrolls that teach thee to live and die;24

Slowly, carefully, the Scottish poet prepares the

22Ibid., pp. 97, 98.

23Frederick Pierce, "Humanism Romance Coated," Saturday Review of Literature, IX (October 1, 1932), 143.

24Scott, op. cit., p. 44.
reader for the scenes he has in store, always presenting Nature in the mood in which he wishes his characters to appear. Slowly but surely he weaves the enchanted wet of magic interest about his tale; and the reader eagerly follows Deloraine in his nocturnal maneuvers. As the knight proceeds toward the fulfillment of his ghastly task, so do Scott's descriptions of Nature intensify with weirdness. The poet brings us nearer and nearer the hideous scene, and then he says:

The moonbeam kissed the holy pane,
And threw on the pavement a bloody stain.  

The Scottish wizard moves on and on, until he reaches the apex of that incident in the story when Deloraine prepares to open the tomb as the moon is still bright, and the only horror is produced by the splotch of red on the white pavement where the moon's rays fall brightest until they mingle with the ghost-light of the open sepulchre which incarnates the ghastly scene with all the hideousness of unearthly brilliance. Once the corpse is rotted and the stone re-sealed, the moon disappears, the stars refuse to shine, and utter, consummate darkness envelops the old Abbey.

In Marmion, Scott follows another plan to work out his background material, he writes long passages of Nature descriptions in anticipation of coming events in the story. But in the very opening lines he strikes the

25 Ibid., p. 47.
note that is felt throughout Marmion.

November's sky is chill and drear,
November's leaf is red and sear;
Late, gazing down the steepy linn,
That hems our little garden in,
Low in its dark and narrow glen,
You scarce the rivulet might ken,
So thick the tangled Greenwood grew,
So feeble trill'd the streamlet through;  

Marmion is a melancholy tale, full of glamor, yes, but also full of heartbreak, calamity and bloodshed, fittingly introduced by a mournful Nature that shivers in an autumnal cloak. Whether the poet deliberately chose the nightfall for the opening line of Canto I, or whether he wished to make the tale a history of the declining days in the life of his chosen hero, he has little to say; but we find his genius none the less great.

Scott reaches the height of his ability to glorify Nature in The Lady of the Lake. In the unfrequented haunts of aboriginal mountain scenery, he prepares for the reader a paradise of delight and plucks from the core of Nature's great heart such infinitely tender, yet strong and robust, thoughts as man had hitherto never ventured to gather.

He begins by placing before the reader the uninhabited mountain country in Perth County, Scotland, where King James V and his hunters had roused a deer in the early hours of morning. The soul of the poet has taken its ecstatic flight, and on this height Scott

26 Ibid., p. 107.
reaches his greatness in his picturization of Nature.
The most accurate account of the stag is found in these lines:

For twice that day from shore to shore,
The gallant stag swam stoutly o'er.

For jaded now, and spent with toil,
Emboss'd with foam, and dark with soil,
While every gasp with sots he drew,
The labouring stag strain'd full in view.27

He heard the taffled dogs in vain
Rave through the hollow pass amain,
Chiding the rocks that yell'd again.28

The artist then continues to picture marvelous scenes, rich in color, brilliant with lights, sweet with odor and reverberant with sound, until the reader is intoxicated by the haunting beauty of an exquisite panorama of country in which the hunt took place.

Even in his characterization of people, Scott interweaves comparisons of Nature, particularly in the case of the heroine, Ellen Douglas.

You need but gaze on Ellen's eye;
Not Katrine, in her mirror blue,
Gives back the shaggy banks more true,
Than every free-born glance confess'd
The guileless movements of her breast;29

Skilfully, physical beauty and the sway of passion are symbolized in the poet's expression of Nature's charm.

27Ibid., p. 245.
28Ibid., p. 246.
29Ibid., p. 251.
Not only are loveliness, elegance and grace introduced by symbols of natural similarity, but Scott also pictures the uncanny, the ugly, the detested in the same manner, an example of which is the incident in which he presents Brian, the wizard of Roderick Dhu's clan.

A heap of wither'd boughs was piled,
Of juniper and rowan wild,
Mingled with shivers from the oak,
Bent by the lightning's recent stroke.
Brian, the Hermit, by it stood,
Barefooted, in his frock and hood.
His grisled beard and matted hair
Obscured a visage of despair; 30

Whatever the occasion, whoever be the person, whatever be the mood of the scene, Scott adapts his lovely Dame Nature to introduce the situation in a truly expert manner. Sir Walter presents a picture of such grandeur of the ardent love he has for Nature to all who delve into his poetry that because of his skill in picturing her elegance, her power, her pliant adaptability, future generations will continue to read his works so long as libraries contain them, so long as his works exist.

30 Ibid., p. 277.
CHAPTER V

LONGFELLOW, THE "VICTORIAN"

Longfellow, the "Victorian gentleman," differs from Scott, the romanticist, because he possesses definite classical tendencies and only traces of the romantic element. To understand Longfellow, therefore, it is necessary to understand the tendencies, preferences, and ideals of the writers of the Victorian Age, of which Alfred Lord Tennyson may be regarded as one of the greatest exponents. Of him it is said:

Tennyson's thought has been called superficial; certainly he did not go deeply into abstruse theological or metaphysical problems, or into such matters of character and emotion as appealed to Browning. But for at least forty years he was the dominant force of English poetry. Notwithstanding his great lyrical genius, he regarded instruction as the chief poetic duty; and it is as teacher that Tennyson himself is most interesting from the historical view.¹

Longfellow has many qualities in common with this great English poet. He did not delve deeply into theological problems, he was a perfectionist as to verse form, he was a dominant figure (i.e., contemporary of Tennyson) in American poetry until Whitman, Sandburg and the newer school of poets arrived, and his delineation of emotion

is effected only in the lighter vein.

To the Victorians we owe a complexity of ideals, a fact brought out particularly in the treatment of Nature. The writers of the Victorian period possess traits that are both romantic and classic, however contradictory this may seem. Some Victorians possessed a pantheistic strain; others followed the metaphysicals; a third group had transcendental leanings; and finally we come upon those who regarded Nature as a creature of God, a vital force placed in the universe by which the world is ruled. These latter see the power of God in Nature and know that Nature is created by Him, directed by Him, restrained and controlled by Him, even as Carlyle, one of the greatest Victorian figures, designates her as a book written by the Creator of the universe. "We speak of the Volume of Nature: and truly a Volume it is,—whose Author and Writer is God."\(^2\) Besides treating Nature in these various aspects, all Victorians, to a greater or lesser extent, deal with her simply as a background to the stories of their poems and prose works. They follow this last trend in accordance with their belief and inspiration.

Since we endeavor to prove that Longfellow is a true Victorian, we shall compare his ideals with those of Victorian writers and try to find whether or not his

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poems bear at least a semblance to those of the writers of this period.

The parallelism between Longfellow and the Victorian writers, particularly Tennyson, is outstanding in a number of points. Thought in both Tennyson and Longfellow is limpid in essence. There is no profundity, no depth, no mysticism in either of them. Longfellow, like Tennyson, is a perfectionist as to style, meter and rhythm. Tennyson adds nothing new to verse form; neither does Longfellow go beyond copying already existing constructions. Both poets lack sublimity and novelty of ideas, as well as depth of content.

Longfellow is the major figure of the genteel tradition in America, and his very appearance was that of a well-bred man in the higher strata of society. He was a leading figure among the cultured of early New England. Tennyson, through the generosity of Queen Victoria, was given a baronet and raised to the status of the nobility in England.

Longfellow is much greater as a student than as a writer. His ambition to give America a predominant national literature did not materialize in accordance with his wishes. James Fenimore Cooper, Walt Whitman, William Dean Howells, Hamlin Garland and others brought to a maturity what Longfellow had begun. Yet, taking into consideration the time in which the older poet lived, and the European influences which still reigned
supreme, Longfellow did remarkably well in picturing early America in *The Courtship of Miles Standish*, *Evangeline*, and *Hiawatha*. He gave to the world a sectional slice of the conditions, the culture and the mannerisms of the people of his own time.

Like Tennyson, he wrote in simple language which then appealed and still appeals to the common people. In writing specifically for the middle classes, the Victorians, and Longfellow their follower, adhered closely to the Benthamistic principle, "The greatest happiness to the greatest number." Jeremy Bentham, the English philosopher and jurist, went a step further than did the poets, for his aim was to free individuals from the various types of government restraints, whereas Tennyson and Longfellow wrote for the enjoyment of these same classes.

Longfellow understood Catholicity as did few poets. In spite of his deep admiration for the teachings of the Roman Catholic Church, his faith was not strong enough to lead him to embrace her doctrines.

An additional instance of similarity between Tennyson and Longfellow is brought out in their romantic love for nature. "But nature is used in the Victorian poetry and novels chiefly as a setting for human beings." This trend is followed by Tennyson who is dominantly

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4 Ibid., p. 21.
insular as well as by Longfellow whose interests lay both in Europe and in America.

Because pantheism is one of the designations of the Victorian writer, we shall deal with this sophism in the works of Longfellow and treat other philosophies in order.

Pantheism is the teaching that God and the world are one. According to this philosophy, each being that exists has no separate identity, but is merged into the great Being of God and is a part of Him. There is no individuality of beings. All things originate from the essence of God and are, consequently, one with Him. Pantheism maintains that the reality of God and the reality of the universe are identical. God is the World-Soul and all things emanate from Him and are a part of Him. Pantheism opposes reason; it destroys the idea of individuality; it makes God finite and attributes to creatures powers that belong to God alone.

Because transcendentalism is so closely associated with pantheism and with Nature, a study of Nature passages in the writings of every poet clearly indicates to what extent that particular writer is tinged with these philosophies. The transcendentalist acknowledges a priori conceptions, that is, the belief that knowledge is inherent in the human mind, brought down to earth with man's birth, not obtained through the medium of the senses. This he applies particularly to the knowledge
he possesses of God, the soul, and eternal truth. The transcendentalist holds that there exists a being acting as a mediator between the aesthetic faculty for feeling and the practical judgment of man. The greatest exponent of transcendentalism and pantheism as contained in his Nature poetry is undoubtedly Wordsworth, for in "Tintern Abbey" he says:

. . . . For nature then . . . .
To me was all in all.--I cannot paint
What then I was. The sounding cataract
Haunted me like a passion; the tall rock,
The mountain, and the deep gloomy wood,
Their colors and their forms, were then to
me an appetite; . . . .
A motion and a spirit, that impels
All thinking things, all objects of all
thoughts,
And rolls through all things.5

In the above lines the poet presents to us the essential relationships implied by pantheism between God, man, Nature. To him the forces of Nature are the powers and attributes of God. The qualities possessed by God, the Eternal Spirit, are identified with the forces of Nature. Instead of considering Nature as a creature of God, subject to His will, the pantheist and the transcendentalist exalt Nature to the status of a god whose "spirit rolls through all things." In his "Prelude" Wordsworth speaks of Nature as the "Spirit of the universe," while in

"Lines Written in Early Spring," he attributes to her powers belonging to God alone, one of which is that of creation, when he says:

To her fair work did Nature link
The human soul that through me ran . . . . 6

In his "Ode: Intimations of Immortality from Recollections of Early Childhood," Wordsworth gives the doctrine of transcendentalism most clearly, so far as the relations between God, man, and Nature are concerned.

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting:
The soul that rises with us, our life's Star
Hath elsewhere had its setting,
And cometh from afar:
Not in entire forgetfulness
And not in utter nakedness
But trailing clouds of glory do we come
From God, who is our home:
Heaven lies about us in our infancy!
... ....... . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . .
At length the Man perceives it die away,
And fade into the light of common day.

This, then, is the complete philosophy of the transcendentalist. Man, as a part of the entire creation, comes directly from God, soul and body. There is in him a part of the Eternal existence of God, placed here on earth where in his early years he still has a faint recollection of the glory that was his whilst he was with God; but as he grows older, he exchanges these thoughts and recollections for the impressions made upon him by material things. The natural world around him


7Manley, op. cit., p. 392.
absorbs his thoughts and his imagination, and presents to him ideals which lure him away from his pristine innocence. Man, before his birth, according to Wordsworth, was with God as a part of Him; after birth, he is also one with Nature, and at death returns to God. The being of mediation links man with God as well as with Nature. Thus there is, to the transcendentalist, a constant and complete unity between all created beings and the Uncreated Being.

Although Longfellow borrowed most of the story of Hiawatha, which contains his transcendental and pantheistic leanings, from Henry Rowe Schoolcraft, who in turn has the story from Indian legends, it can, nevertheless, be said of him that he embodied transcendental ideas in his poetry. We find this philosophy in passages of Hiawatha where in huge drops it splashes into the face of the reader. The idea presented to us concerning the half-human, half-divine messenger of the Great Spirit to the Indians is closely allied to the doctrine contained in the poems of Wordsworth. In the opening lines Longfellow presents Gitchi Manito, the Master of life, from whose footprints flowed a river, and who with his finger marked the path of the meadow. The god-man teaches his subjects to smoke the peace-pipe and then vanishes from the earth even as Longfellow relates:

And departed each one homeward,
While the Master of Life ascending,
Through the opening of cloud-curtains,
Through the doorways of the heaven,
Vanished from before their faces,
In the smoke that rolled around him,
The Pukwana of the Peace-Pipe!8

Nokomis, a species of goddess, falls to earth when a rejected rival cuts her grape-vine swing on the full-moon. The daughter born to her is wooed by Mudjekeewis, the god-like West Wind, who thus becomes the father of Hiawatha. Hiawatha is, therefore, endowed with the properties of a god, as well as with those of man. His relation to Nature is exemplified in that he calls all creatures "brothers" and requires their ministrations.

Then the little Hiawatha
Learned of every bird its language,
Called them "Hiawatha's Chickens."

Of all beasts he learned the language,
Talked with them when'er he met them
Called them "Hiawatha's Brothers."9

Furthermore, the Indian legend which formed the foundation of Longfellow's poem relates how the demigod could transform himself into any animal. In accordance with transcendentalism in poetry, as explained by a recent critic, Longfellow portrays Hiawatha to a great exactness in exemplification of this doctrine.

Now it is the unity of nature with God; now the unity of man with nature; and now it is his unity with the God that is nature's soul. And most always it brings in the notion of eternal

8Henry W. Longfellow, op. cit., p. 144.

9Ibid., p. 148.
constancy in the midst of eternal flux. 10 Hiawatha is described, now as a god endowed with supernatural powers of movement, now as a man closely linked to Nature.

Similarly, at the end of Canto IV, where Longfellow introduces Minnehaha, the reader is confused by the description Longfellow gives. Is the being to which Hiawatha is attracted, and which he desires to wed, human, or is it the beauteous water-falls which enrapture his heart? Longfellow practically identifies Minnehaha with the water-falls lying "between Fort Snelling and the Falls of St. Anthony the 'Little Falls, forty feet in height, on a stream that empties into the Mississippi.'" 11 The poet unifies into one and the same being the animate with the inanimate in the lines:

Was it not to see the maiden,
See the face of Laughing Water
Peeping from behind the curtain,
Hear the rustling of her garments

And one sees the Minnehaha
Gleaming, glancing through the branches,
As one hears the Laughing Water
From behind its screen of branches? 12

Later, in Canto X ("Hiawatha's Wooing"), Minnehaha is


definitely presented as a woman.

In like manner the poet treats Mondamin, so that one cannot distinguish whether this god-like being be divine, human, or inanimate, for all these qualities are part of his subsistence. In the following lines taken from "Hiawatha's Fasting," Mondamin is made to possess qualities which are partly animate and partly inanimate:

And he saw a youth approaching
Dressed in garments green and yellow
Coming through the purple twilight,
Through the splendor of the sunset;
Plumes of green bent o'er his forehead,
And his hair was soft and golden.  

In the last battle with Mondamin, Hiawatha "kills" the super-human being and buries him as Mondamin had requested, and keeps his grave clean, when lo! Mondamin arises in the form of a growing cornstalk--

Till at length a small green feather
From the earth shot slowly upward,
Then another and another,
And before the Summer ended
Stood the maize in all its beauty,
With its shining robes about it,
And its long, soft, yellow tresses;
And in rapture Hiawatha
Cried aloud, "It is Mondamin!
Yes, the friend of man, Mondamin!"

Here again we have an example of the god-man being so closely identified with Nature as to be one—god, man, plant—all merged into one being. Again, toward the end of the poem, Hiawatha calls Gitchi Manito "father" when

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13 Ibid., p. 152.

14 Ibid., p. 154.
he says, "Gitchi Manito, the Mighty! . . . . Give your children food, O father!" Gitchi Manito is presented in the guise of a god and at the same time the form of man.

One more example of Nature so closely linked with the human being as to be unrecognizable is found in the passage on Peboan, Winter, where the season of the year and the human creature are one.

And Segwun, the youthful stranger
More distinctly in the daylight
Saw the icy face before him;
It was Peboan, the Winter!
From his eyes the tears were flowing,
As from melting lakes the streamlets,
And his body shrunk and dwindled
As the shouting sun ascended,
Till into the air it faded,
Till into the ground it vanished . . . . 16

Longfellow goes so far in his presentation of oneness that the pronoun "his" in the line "From his eyes, etc.,” becomes "it" in the last two lines quoted, making the human creature one with Nature.

In the closing lines of "Hiawatha's Departure," the hero tells his people that he will return, thus indicating immortality.

Many moons and many winters
Will have come and will have vanished
Ere I come again to see you. 17

The god-like element is strongly brought out by the

15 Ibid., p. 185.
16 Ibid., p. 187.
17 Ibid., p. 190.
implication that Hiawatha lives forever and will watch over his children, the Indian people, even in death.

These are a few examples of the manner in which transcendentalism is displayed in the poetry of Longfellow. True, he borrowed the story with its transcendentalism, but he made no effort to substitute another philosophy for the one contained in the original Indian legends.

An additional characteristic of the Victorians is a definite trend toward sadness, which dominates the works of those who follow pantheism and transcendentalism and who have suffered great disappointments in their lives. In this, as in other traits already mentioned, we find Longfellow a true Victorian. His poems are filled with that dulcet sorrow that grew out of the severe shocks which came to him during his long life, and which he bore so heroically that his character was thereby molded into one that was pleasing to old and young, to friend and foe alike. Therefore, the sorrowful song of Nature is everywhere heard in his poems. We encounter it in the opening as well as in the closing lines of Evangeline where Longfellow challenges the reader to "List to the mournful tradition still sung by the pines of the forest"—18

While from its rocky caverns the deep-voiced, neighboring ocean

18Henry W. Longfellow, op. cit., p. 95.
Speaks, and in accents disconsolate, answers the wail of the forest. This sadness is so distinct that at times it becomes pathetic.

He is not Byronic in the real meaning of the word but he is naturally sentimental and of that sentimental order that experiences so easily the sadness implicit in all life.

No, Longfellow is not proud or cynically scornful. Neither is he filled with irony or remorse. But the sadness that pervades his writing is as the sadness of an autumn day filled with the beauty of soft lights, soft colors, soft odors of decaying vegetation, like that of October, his favorite month. Longfellow's sorrow is like the dejection of one who witnessed the burial of an invalid child that has been released from its suffering. He is both sad and joyful—sad, at the passing of one so young; joyful, in knowing that this child has been preserved from the sufferings and pitfalls of a painful life. Longfellow has graphically pictured this situation in The Courtship of Miles Standish, where the reader is saddened at the loss experienced by Standish, but is made happy by the union of John and Priscilla, so greatly devoted to each other. The poet's melancholy, however, everywhere pervades his work, for, even at the

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19 Ibid., p. 121.

apex of happiness, when the young couple stand hand in hand in the doorway, Longfellow mentions the desolation of Nature in these words:

Meanwhile the bridegroom went forth and stood with the bride in the doorway,
Breathing the perfumed air of that warm and beautiful morning.
Touched with autumnal tints, but lonely and sad in the sunshine,
Lay extended before them the land of toil and privation;
There were the graves of the dead and the barren waste of the seashore.

A few words and phrases which bring with them both sadness and modulated joy, so often mentioned in the poems of Longfellow, and taken from them at random, are: twilight, sea-fogs, mists, untimely rains, dubious fate, silence. All bring out or suggest the melancholy strain characteristic of our poet.

In spite of his didacticism, Longfellow maintains the qualities of a good writer. His themes, always edifying, are often selected in an instructive mood, as these titles show: "Hymn to the Night," "A Psalm of Life," "Footsteps of the Angels," "The Terrestrial Paradise," "Beware," "Excelsior," "The Arrow and the Song," "The Cross of Snow," "The Statue Over the Cathedral Door." Indeed, Longfellow's qualities as a writer are so admirably summed up in the following quotation that it is impossible to describe his poems in a more definite and precise manner:

It was, therefore, at least possible for him to do great and worthy things; and it so happened that, though he never achieved the greatest, he more than once did write a poem which outweighs all the productions of those latterday symbolist, Celtic, and sham archaic schools which nevertheless have the impertinence to treat him with their ineffable contempt.

Labored moralizing is one of the outstanding characteristics of a true Victorian, and Longfellow clearly shows that he possesses this qualification. This is one of the reasons why his poems are spurned by some of his critics. They do not regard Longfellow in the sublime classification of a "poet's poet." Nevertheless, his works hold a high place in world literature; and, when regarded from a sane point of view, the ensuing criticism by a writer on this topic is found to be accurate:

In no wise can I forget that we are regarding even the lowliest poets from our still lower station; we are like earth-dwellers viewing, comparing, mapping out the stars. Whateover their shortcomings, their gift is their own; they bring music and delight and inspiration. A singer may fail in this or that, but when he dies the charm of his distinctive voice is gone.

The peaceful serenity, highmindedness, kindness and simplicity found in Longfellow are rarely found in such essence of purity in any other poet.

Purity of thought is a Victorian trait which Longfellow possesses to a remarkable degree. He is

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always a "gentleman writer" who avoids themes that treat of sex and everything that savors of vulgarity. His thoughts are ever of the kind that elevate the mind, and his descriptions of Nature are true images of his characters—refined, noble, pure, serene and uplifting. To present but one example, found in Evangeline, we have these beautiful lines in a sublime epipome of Nature delineation.

Slowly over the tops of the Ozark Mountains
the moon rose,
Lighting the little tent, and with a mysterious splendor
Touching the sombre leaves, and embracing
and filling the woodland.
With a delicious sound the brook rushed by,
and the branches
Swayed and sighed overhead in scarcely audible whispers.24

How dexterously Longfellow uses Nature to create a fitting scene and mood for the young girl after she had listened to the story of the unfortunate Indian woman who had told Evangeline of her own love and hope and sad disappointment!

Like a truly great poet, he manipulates his similes, comparing trends of Nature with the affairs of men, peace, quietude, sadness, mingled with fear of coming events. However, it is precisely this serenity of mood, this peace of mind, this harmonious thought, which—in the opinion of some critics—have deprived Longfellow of the title of "a great poet."

It is curious that being a gentleman and being an artist should be thought so incompatible, but as Longfellow wrote not merely as a gentleman, but also like a Christian gentleman, the lapse of years throws him more and more out of the focus of our interests. We find it a weakness that he avoided certain themes. Merely to mention sex in this connection provokes a smile.25 Not only does Longfellow avoid the topic of sex, but he never uses any expression which even slightly suggests physical attraction between man and woman. The colors, sounds, emotions he uses are always elite, and in his expression he is noble, being always the well-bred man of refined and undefiled sentiment. In this regard his rival, Sir Walter Scott, shows great similarity.

However, in contrast to Scott, who revels in descriptions of wild Nature, Longfellow describes civilized Nature surrounding the doorstep of the home. He pictures the tree before Evangeline's domicile, the luxurious growth of Louisiana vegetation along the banks of the Têche and in the vicinity of the village of St. Martin, but rarely does he picture her in "primeval" wilderness.

In similarity to those of Scott, Longfellow's works are impregnated by German romanticism. But in Longfellow we have it greatly modified and mellowed. Critics have admirably summed up this quality in the American poet:

The two foremost exponents of German romanticism were Longfellow and Poe. Longfellow travelled

25Jones, op. cit., p. 113.
widely in continental Europe, and was a friend of continental authors. Both by direct contact and natural affinity he became heir to the spirit and style of the Teuton romanticist. 26

Two of the outstanding German romanticists with whom Longfellow was acquainted were Fichte and Schelling, the same from whom Emerson learned much of his pantheism and from whom he imbibed much of his transcendentalism. Nevertheless, Longfellow's romanticism is mild, indeed, when compared to that which we find in the works of Sir Walter; however, it is none the less genuine, as is vouched by Henry S. Gorman:

In the works of Uhland, Herder, Tieck, Muller, Salis, and Goethe he is to find those responses to which nature will best react. Most important of all, he is to discover the tocks of Johann Paul Friederich Richter (his dear Jean-Paul) and to find in them the misty and sentimental philosophy of living which he is never to outgrow. . . . . In this immediate acceptance of the Germanic attitude Henry is alienating himself from the American scene albeit he is doing it most unconsciously. 27

The only passage, however, that is found in his poems on an equal basis with the weird romanticism of Scott's Lay is the one on "The Ghosts" (Canto XIX) in Hiawatha. A number of his shorter poems are more decisive examples of weird romance--"The Skeleton in Armor," "The Grave," "The Black Knight," and several of the stories in "Tales of a Wayside Inn," and Hyperion. Of the latter we find

26 Frederick E. Pierce and Carl F. Schreiber, Fiction and Fantasy of German Romance (New York: The Oxford University Press, American Branch, 35 West 32nd St., 1927), p. 8.

27 Gorman, op. cit., p. 191.
a forceful summation:

Glancing at the book . . . . one would never suspect anything other than a blend of Richter's fanciful style with Goethe's philosophy of action. 28

What has been said of the relation between English writers and their German contemporaries can also be said of Longfellow's relationship with German romanti- cists, for Longfellow was strongly influenced by them. Carlyle was influenced by Goethe, Schiller, Fichte and Kant. 29 It need not be surprising that Longfellow, after spending a number of years in the German schools, should also be impregnated with a tinge of their ideals in the manner suggested as a mutual development of a common tendency between Germanic and Anglo-Saxon peoples.

The romantic movement as it changed the intellectual and emotional atmosphere of the nation, had brought out artistic harmonies between English and German Literature, harmonies which had long lain unregarded; the craving for works of fancy and imagination was equally strong in the two countries; and the English public was very curious to know what was being written in Germany. This curiosity was not at first very discriminating: the work of Goethe and Schiller was less valued than that of the popular novelists with their ruined castles, their ghosts and ghouls, and all the apparatus of melodrama. 30

Nevertheless, it follows that, although Scott had no


29 Beach, op. cit., pp. 302, 308.

pantheistic leanings, he shared with, and surpassed, Longfellow in the depiction of the German romanticism in his poems.

The uses which Scott and Longfellow make of Nature as a background to the incidents in their stories, as well as to the stories themselves, are as divergent as are the lands in which the two poets lived. Scott gives beauteous and lengthy delineations in long Homeric similes, or in lengthy passages of his introductions to the Cantos of his poems. Longfellow, with the feeling of a tantalizing admirer, entwines Nature into a short simile, or chases her in and out among his lines as though he delighted in tormenting her by inviting her in, and again shutting her out of his verses. One of the longest and most picturesque passages that he gives us is the incident of Evangeline's hopeful continuance of her journey to the village of St. Martin after the encouraging words of Father Felician. The poet depicts the heart of the maiden as bursting with love and expectation in a simile which describes the exquisite song of the mocking-bird.

Then from a neighboring thicket the mocking-bird, wildest of singers,
Swinging aloft on a willow spray that hung o'er the water,
Shook from his little throat such floods of delirious music,
That the whole air and the woods and the waves seemed silent to listen.

Slowly they entered the Têche, where it flows through the green Opelousas,
And, through the amber air, above the crest of the woodland,
Saw the column of smoke that arose from a neighboring dwelling; --
Sounds of a horn they heard, and the distant lowing of cattle.

What soul-stirring bliss the song of the mocking-bird sums up! Here truly the living hope of Evangeline reaches its climax and is then rudely shattered, even as the dream of the listener is shattered by the end of the bird's song.

In equally magnetic style, the poet gives us an example of his genius in The Courtship of Miles Standish, where, coming from the lips of Priscilla and John Alden, are found the two beautiful similes concerning women.

"... Hence is the inner life of so many suffering women
Sunless and silent and deep, like subterranean rivers
Running through caverns of darkness, unheard, unseen, and unfruitful,
Chafing their channels of stone, with endless and profitless murmurs."

Thereupon answered John Alden, the young man, the lover of women:
"Heaven forbid it, Priscilla; and truly they seem to me always
More like the beautiful rivers that watered the garden of Eden,

Filling the land with delight, and memories sweet of the garden!"

The little lovers' quarrel is thus chastened and ennobled, so that the reader scarcely notices it because of Longfellow's adroit presentation. Neither of the two men,

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31 Henry W. Longfellow, op. cit., p. 111.
32 Ibid., p. 204.
Scott and Longfellow, have the fiery blood of great poets coursing through their veins, and so it follows that not all of their lines are great poetry. Some critics are particularly harsh in their estimation of Scott and of Longfellow as pregnant examples clearly show.

Scott, says Carlyle, had no great gospel to deliver; he had nothing of the martyr about him; he slew no monsters and stirred no deep emotions. He did not believe in anything, and not even disbeliefed anything; he was content to take the world as it came—the false and the true mixed indistinguishably together.33

Each of the poets had admirers as well as adversaries in the realm of criticism. Although Longfellow was at times appraised by a rather harsh judgment, as one critic manifests, he was never known to retaliate to such comment.

The truth is that Longfellow wrote simple verses for simple people. He never wrote a line for the expert, for the critic, or for the connoisseur. He lacked the magic of the consummate artist. He was not a poet's poet.34

Say what they please, critics can never efface the charm that emanates from the pages of these two immortal writers, Scott and Longfellow. Both were sincere in what they said; both believed and felt that the message they conveyed to the world was truth in essence and beautiful in its expression. Their sentences throb with life;


they refresh their works with the health and vigor of manly yet chaste characters; they exhale the mystic breath of their eternally rejuvenated spirits, and they impregnate the reader with a loving understanding of the message they bring to mankind in such a manner as few poets were ever able to do.

The most sublime as well as the most correct interpretation of Nature, from a philosophical viewpoint, is the instrumentality of Nature as an outlet or a manifestation of the power and beauty, the benignity, love and serenity of God's immeasurable Being. Whereas Scott does not consider Nature as a creature of God, Longfellow manifests God's powers operating in the laws of Nature. The Catholicity of Longfellow, in as far as it developed in the soul of the poet, is thus brought to light. His admiration for Catholicism permeates Evangeline, Christus, and many of his shorter poems. Words from his own pen graphically confirm this esteem. Longfellow felt as the Catholic feels, even though he could not share the latter's belief:

Just as the evening twilight commences, the bell tolls to prayer . . . . The hour, too, naturally brings the heart into unison with the feelings and sentiments of devotion; the close of day, the shadows of evening, the calm of the twilight, inspire a feeling of tranquility and though I may differ from the Catholic in regard to the object of his supplication, yet it seems to me beautiful and appropriate solemnity, that, at the close of each daily epoch of life—which if it have not been fruitful in incidents to ourselves, has nevertheless been so to many of the great human
family—the voice of the whole people, and of a whole world, should go up to heaven in praise and supplication and thankfulness.  

Not only do students of Longfellow find the Catholic note in his personality, but everyone who reads his works is convinced that his belief was allied to, but not in complete accord with, the teachings of the Holy Catholic Church. No one can mistake lines like the following simile for true appreciation of God in Nature, according to the doctrines of Catholicism.

And over all is the sky, the clear crystalline heaven,  
Like the protecting hand of God inverted above them.

How beautifully Longfellow makes his comparison! After having given us a splendid description of prairies furrowed with rivers whose banks are clustered with verdure, he skillfully weaves into the picture the provident hand of the Almighty, guiding, sustaining and ruling all that He had created.

As we have seen from his own admission, Longfellow never followed the teachings of the Catholic Church in practice. He admired her doctrine and practices to such an extent that he freely treats of them in many of his poems. He gives us a perfect picture of the Catholic priest in Father Felician, of the truly Catholic maiden

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35 Walter V. Gavigan, "Longfellow and Catholicity," The Catholic World, CXXXVIII (October, 1933), 47.

in Evangeline, "when after confession, Homeward serenely she walked with God's benediction upon her," or "Down the long street she passed, with her chaplet of beads and her missal." Regarding his sources of inspiration for Catholic ideas which he so valued, we have the words of a competent critic:

The hope and pathos of home, as of affections which are the portal of eternal life, duty performed in difficulties, the open scenery of New England, and the flavor of the quiet times gone by that in his time still hung about it--these were Longfellow's first inspiration. This inspiration was tinctured by something distinctly American, as he considered the continent, with its forests, its mountains, its rivers.... But America was poetic, was romantic, was inspiring, for another reason: because she had been colonized by Protestant Pilgrims, because there labored among her fastnesses the Catholic missions. And in these Catholic missions Longfellow recognized another romance, another homely strangeness, which haunted him always, taking him far back into the past, and leading him across the sea to find a new, yet intimate, association with the scenes of Europe.*

More beautiful than any of the other passages in the poems of Longfellow is the one which typifies Nature as a messenger of God. The angels are the real messengers of God, but at times He also utilizes Nature to carry out His Divine Will. Perhaps this is nowhere more appropriately presented than in the rhythmic flow of the lines:

Silently one by one, in the infinite meadows of heaven,

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Blossomed the lovely stars, the forget-me-nots of the angels. 38

Having dwelt upon the beauty of the "pallid sea" and the "silvery mist of the meadows," Longfellow presents in artistic choice of words, a picture at once grand, majestic in its silence as well as in its splendor, linking heaven to earth, God with man and with Nature.

Again, that link between Nature and the God Who made her is beautifully poetized in the Introduction to Hiawatha wherein he says:

Ye whose hearts are fresh and simple,
Who have faith in God and Nature,
Who believe, that in all ages
Every human heart is human,
That in even savage bosoms
There are longings, yearnings, strivings
For the good they comprehend not,
That the feebler hands and helpless,
Groping blindly in the darkness,
Touch God's right hand in that darkness
And are lifted up and strengthened;--
Listen to this simple story
To this Song of Hiawatha! 39

Here again Longfellow forges the links of the chain that binds us both to God and to wild Nature, unconfined, uncontrollable save by the hand of Him Who governs all that He has created. Thus Longfellow, in a method untouched by Scott, glorifies God through the instrumentality of Nature, and incidentally gives us an insight into his own soul, which, without these manifestations we could never obtain.

39 Ibid., p. 142.
CHAPTER VI

NATURE STUDIES IN SCOTT AND LONGFELLOW

Light

It is said that when an artist paints a masterpiece his greatest concern is not so much with the use of appropriate colors for the various portions of his picture as with the accurate application of lighter and darker shades in most exact spots so that he might bring out the beauty of his production to the fullest extent. The same principles can, in a measure, be applied to the ability of a poet in giving light-effects in his poems. The use of descriptive light scenes is something to which the reader may give the least thought, but he will be pleasantly affected if they are skilfully made and carefully placed for the correct emphasis in the story. As to choice of poems to be used in this chapter, the following extract is indicative:

Three of Longfellow's longer poems are worth notice not only because of their many beauties of thought and form, but because they are distinctly American. These are Evangeline, Hiawatha, and The Courtship of Miles Standish.¹

These are the three Longfellow poems from which examples of light-, color-, power-, odor-, and sound-effects will be treated, while those selected from Scott's writings are *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*, *Marmion*, and *The Lady of the Lake*.

Scott is proficient in the manipulations of light shades in his delineation of Nature qualities. From the most dazzling brilliance to the mellowest shades, light serves Scott to enhance those marvelous passages that only the pen of a great writer can produce. Furthermore, he makes his transitions within the short space of a stanza as gracefully, as majestically and as prettily as the artistic lady danced the minuet in the days of Washington.

The western waves of ebbing day
Roll'd o'er the glen their level way;
Each purple peak, each flinty spire,
Was bathed in floods of living fire.
But not a setting bean could glow
Within the dark ravines below
Where twined the path in shadow hid . . . . ²

Scott presents light as an animated being full of force and vigor, illuminating the mountain-top in all the brilliance of a golden sunset; and, as the reader descends with him into the valley, it ebbs gradually into the gloom of twilight and the descending darkness of night shadows.

Nature's reality of strong lights, which glare in their fierceness, are favorites with Scott. Universal

lights that pierce all shadows, remove all darkness, cover the earth and illumine the sky--these are the lights he loves. Strong and ardent as are his passions, so are his light delineations.

Where gleaming with the setting sun
One burnished sheet of living gold,
Loch Katrine lay beneath him roll'd. 3

Fierce, wild, and ecstatic is the love that fair Dame Nature has captured from the heart of her devoted poet.

It is not surprising, therefore, that a touch of the cowboy atmosphere is often felt in Scott's works, as for example when he depicts the night scene after Roderick Dhu's orders had been given to his followers to gather in preparation for war against the Lowland clans. A ghastly, yet mysteriously beautiful, picture is flashed upon our view when we read:

Not faster o'er the heathery braes,
Balquidder, speeds the midnight blaze,
Rushing, in conflagration strong,
Thy deep ravines and dells along,
Wrapping thy cliffs in purple glow,
And reddening the dark lakes below. 4

The entire countryside is aglow with the fire of war; and a more sublime picture of patriotism would be difficult to imagine than that presented by Scott in the nocturnal illumination of earth and sky, casting forth its lights and shadows, its bright colors and faint tints in weird yet beautiful array, challenging the foe to war.

3 Ibid., p. 248.
4 Ibid., p. 288.
What marvelous pictures of prairie fires would the pen of Scott have conjured for our admiration had he lived in the atmosphere of the modern cowboy!

Peace and war, generosity and greed, love and hate—all find in the lines of Sir Walter their true exemplification in natural light-effects, as they lend themselves to the poet’s interpretation. Nature leads on through the vicissitudes of the day which had brought together Roderick Dhu and James Fitz-James; and when

The sun’s last glance was glinted back,
From spear and glaive, from targe and jack,—

and the glowing day was preparing to depart, the decisive encounter took place between the leaders of their people. Snowdown’s Knight, King of Scotland, fatally wounded Roderick Dhu, chief of the Highlanders, as evening shades began to curtain the earth. Scott has the ability to picture soft lights, but more readily basks in the glare of summer’s mid-day sun, or the fire-lit panorama that envelops an entire countryside. He uses strong lights, and abject darkness, more skilfully than dim lights and pale shadows. He is as varied in his light uses as he is in scene and character portrayal. He understands the regal Fitz-James as well as the wily “kern” who would have killed the king had the opportunity presented itself.

Keen, joyous, and strong with a masculine strength,

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5Ibid., p. 314.
this light blinds us with its brilliance, and again proves that Scott possesses the dashing romantic spirit found only in a few poets who are truly great.

Then sudden through the darken'd air
A flash of lightning came;
So broad, so bright, so red the glare,
The castle seem'd on flame. 6

An atmosphere of the German romanticism is clearly felt in numerous passages on lights as described by Scott, one of the best examples of which is the following:

He knew, by the streamers that shot so bright,
That spirits were riding the northern light. 7

William of Deloraine followed the monk to the tomb of Michael Scott, the wizard, who had been buried with his book of magic. The old man who led the way perceived strange signs in the northern lights and thereby knew that mysterious things were about to happen. To warn his companion of any eventuality with which they would likely meet, the monk gave William an account of what was constantly going on within the sealed tomb.

. . . . Within it burns a wonderous light,
To chase the spirits that love the night.
That lamp shall burn unquenchably,
Until eternal doom shall be. 8

Whether that light be of natural or supernatural origin, Scott permits the reader to guess. The subtle humor of

6Ibid., p. 96.
7Ibid., p. 46.
8Ibid., p. 48.
the poet betrays itself in such lines as these. What pleasure Scott would have derived from the opportunity complacently to lean back in his armchair and observe the effect his lines might have on his readers!

Besides the illuminations of Nature, the light of the human eye is frequently the topic of Scott's pen. He describes Brian in the act of showering curses upon those of the clan of Roderick Dhu who might prove laggards to the cause.

And eyes that glow'd like fiery brand,
He meditated curse more dread,⁹

With passion aroused in a man like Brian, anything might be expected; and the poet's description of his eyes, that shot with an unnatural fire, adds greatly to the stirring situation.

Scott is also acquainted with the shadows cast in the forest at noon, the shades of evening, and the darkness of the cave, as is exemplified in these lines:

The oak and birch, with mingled shade,
At noontide there a twilight made,
... . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . .
Now eve, with western shadows long,
Floated on Katrine bright and strong.
... . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . .
In Benvenue's most darksome cleft,
A fair, though cruel, pledge was left.¹⁰

Nature, in all the moods of her expression is thus made to serve the ends of the poet by producing that shade or intensity, that fulness or want, that bright

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⁹Ibid., p. 281.
¹⁰Ibid., p. 289.
effulgence or that utter darkness which test serves the needs of Sir Walter. In almost every case he goes out into the wild country of mountain and lake to sing the praises of her who filled his thoughts and his heart.

Scott's ability to compare and contrast the qualities of Nature is precious beyond the power of expression. Soft and fairylike, full of the hope of coming day, is the light of morning that foretodes dawn. Tenderly, graciously, Mother Nature arouses her newborn child to guide the fortunes of earth-pilgrims through another span of time; and the new day responds, feebly at first, then with a light that becomes more brilliant as the seconds slip by, until at last it has unfolded into the full glory of the noon-day sun. Since the love of pageantry and of war held a place in the heart of Scott next to that of Nature, it is not surprising to find that he chose to describe preparation for war in connection with the dawn and the development of a new day.

Fair as the earliest team of eastern light,
When first, by the bewildered pilgrim spied,
It smiles upon the dreary crow of night,
And silver o'er the torrent's foaming tide,
And lights the fearful path on mountain side;
Fair as that beam, although the fairest far,
Giving to horror grace, to danger pride,
Shine martial Faith, the Courtesy's bright star,
Through all the wreckful storms that cloud the brow of War.
The early beam, so fair and sheen,
Was twinkling through the hazel screen,
When, rousing at its glimmer red,
The warriors left their lowly bed.  

None knew better than our poet "Light and Shade's inconstant race"; or "the moonbeam's glint"; and none could paint word pictures of war and peace, love and hate, defiance and submission more realistically sincere and true than this bold necromancer who impregnated Nature with all the vicissitudes of human life in order to create a fitting background for the subject under his consideration. These qualities are charmingly summarized by one who lauded him in a speech given on the occasion of the unveiling of Scott's bust in Westminster Abbey on May 21st, 1897:

Valor, purity, loyalty,—these are the essential and undying elements of the charm with which this great magician has soothed and lulled the weariness of the world through three tormented generations.  

While Scott is a delineator chiefly of flashing fires of intense brightness, we find that Longfellow's lights always are dimmed. He never sees the glare of the sun, and rarely does he picture the brilliance of a swift flash of lightning or the bright sparkle of an ordinary fire. In his works we find the soft glow of the evening twilight, the lovely sheen of soft starlight, or the evanescent luster of the moon in her glory.

\[^11\text{Ibid.}, p. 309.\]

Then came the laborers home from the field, and serenely the sun sank down to his rest, and twilight prevailed.13

Meanwhile apart, in the twilight gloom of the window's embrasure sat the lovers, and whispered together beholding the moon rise over the pallid sea and the silvery mist of the meadows.14

Soon she extinguished her lamp, for the mellow and radiant moonlight streamed through her windows . . . .15

The moonlight scenes that drop from Longfellow's pen are difficult to reproduce by any other writer. Every phase, every mood that can be imagined has been treated by him under the all-embracing spell of the moon.

Over the joyous feast the sudden darkness descended.
All was silent without, and, illumining the landscape with silver, fair rose the dewy moon and the myriad stars;16

The pale luster of the feeble rays of the moon, delicately iridescent, are to Longfellow what the burning rays of the glaring sunshine are to Scott. His Evangeline followed her lover even as the moon pursues the earth.

In fact, the key-shade of light as used by Longfellow, as well as of the entire story of Evangeline, is set forth in these hauntingly beautiful lines:

But Evangeline's heart was sustained by a vision, that faintly

14 Ibid., p. 101.
15 Ibid., p. 102.
16 Ibid., p. 113.
Floated before her eyes, and beckoned her on through the moonlight.
It was the thought of her brain that assumed the shape of a phantom.\(^{17}\)

The thoughts, aspirations and emotions that fill the heart of the Acadian maiden, under the magic spell of the queen of the night, are brought out in the role which the moonlight plays in Nature.

The similes of Longfellow combine delicacy of touch with womanly grace in producing a fitting background for his story, and holding out to Evangeline a hope that was to be a disappointment such as death alone can bring.

Behind the black wall of the forest, Tipping its summit with silver, arose the moon, On the river Fell here and there through the branches a tremulous gleam of the moonlight, Like the sweet thoughts of love on a darkened and devious spirit.\(^{18}\)

Rarely does Longfellow picture the brightness of light, and never does he venture to place the reader into the hot glare of brilliant sun-rays. Once only he says that, "keenly the lightning flashed,"\(^{19}\) and he reaches his most brilliant illuminations in the beautiful lines:

Softly the evening came. The sun from the western horizon Like a magician extended his golden wand o'er the landscape;

\(^{17}\)Ibid., p. 110.

\(^{18}\)Ibid., p. 114.

\(^{19}\)Ibid., p. 105.
Twinkling vapors arose; and sky and water and forest
Seemed all on fire at the touch, and melted and mingled together.20

Longfellow's sunlight is mellow, sometimes bright and again dimmed, sometimes sparkling, then overcast by shadows.

. . . . Alden lingered a little,
Musing alone on the shore, and watching the wash of the billows Round the base of the rock, and the sparkle and flash of the sunshine, Like the spirit of God, moving visibly over the waters.21

His portrayals of sunlight are more like an erring into paths forbidden to Longfellow, paths that are too harsh, too glaring, for the delicate spirit of the gentleman-poet, a spirit which is so charming that one admirer has compared him to a lake, placid in its crystal clearness.

Longfellow's soul was not an ocean. It was a lake, clear, calm and cool. The great storms of the sea never reached it. And yet this lake had its depths. Buried cities lay under its surface. One saw the towers and domes through the quiet waters; one even seemed to catch the sound of church-bells ringing like the bells of the city of Is.22

Filled with reverence and melancholy was the soul of the poet; and this trait is revealed especially in those of his works where there is question of treating Nature and religion. Finally, a thought pregnant with ideas in

20Ibid., p. 111.
21Ibid., p. 203.
regard to Longfellow's manipulation of light was embodied in an address given to commemorate his Centenary. It was presented as a eulogy of his "My Lost Youth," but can be equally well applied to his works in general.

It could only have been written by a man who loved Nature intensely, whose whole soul had been suffused with the sunsets of that beautiful old town where his youth was passed—who was saturated, as it were, with the colour and the glow of its far-surrounding seas . . . .23

**Color**

In *The Lady of the Lake* of Scott and *Evangeline* of Longfellow, we find differences in Nature presentation as striking as they are varied in character. The treatment of Nature in the opening scene of *The Lady of the Lake* is brought about in a dashing cavalier spirit, whereas Longfellow jogs serenely and leisurely along on his hexameter form while he incorporates properties of great poetry and of his personality.

In the case of Longfellow, the gift of nature which made him an artist to his fingertips was re-enforced by that broad, free study which enriched his mind with a multitude of familiar figures and forms, and behind all lay a soul, reverent character which constantly obeyed the impulse to work, to create, to be.24

Longfellow worked, literally slaved, over his productions to give them that perfectionist form that helps to make him a Victorian. He was, therefore, able to

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24Scudder, *op. cit.*, p. 69.
leave to posterity a rich field of excellent poetry in which peoples of all time and of every country may find enjoyment, peace and plenty.

One admirer, in particular, sees the real merits of the American poet and sums up his estimation in a few skilfully constructed sentences:

But I am even willing to surrender "Hiawatha" to the dissatisfied if in so doing I can get them to look once more, and with impartial eye, upon "Evangeline" and "The Courtship of Miles Standish." They are poems as soft and lovely as the paintings of the English landscape school. If we could but read these narratives for the first time, we should see, I think, how skilfully they are put together, with what deft devices the poet has knitted his plot, and how beautifully the descriptive passages are made to melt into the steady flow of the narrative—-one of the most difficult feats in this kind of verse...

We catch a glimpse of the spirit which dominated Longfellow as slowly and solemnly he introduces us to the opening lines in Evangeline:

This is the forest primeval. The murmuring pines and the hemlocks
Bearded with moss, and in garments green indistinct in the twilight,
Stand like Druids of old, with voices sad and prophetic,
Stand like harpers hoar, with beards that rest on their bosoms.

With profound sadness and a deep feeling of melancholy, Longfellow bids us welcome to the Nature that sounds the notes of opulent peace, plenty and happiness filling

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25Jones, op. cit., p. 119.
26Henry W. Longfellow, op. cit., p. 95.
every nook and corner of beautiful Acadie. Meanwhile
Scott dashes headlong over hill and vale and begins in
breathless haste:

The stag at eve had drunk his fill
Where danced the moon on Monan's rill,
And deep his midnight lair had made
In lone Glenartney's hazel shade.27

How vitally refreshing and truly exhilarating are Sir
Walter's opening lines! They drip with the freshness
of Nature in her ornate sweetness.

Within the span of two lines his colors undulate
from the medium trilliance of the woodland hazel to the
beacon red of the sun. Plunging on over the lonely moun-
tain-sides, Scott shows us how

The briar-rose fell in streamers green,
And creeping shrubs, of thousand dyes,
Waved in the west-wind's summer sighs.28

Delicately he lists the pale primrose and the purple
violet, the dark blue fox-glove and the nightshade, to-
gether with the grey birch and aspen, and finally covers
all with a sky of "delicious blue," that stretches far
out over the "empurpled" islands in the distant lake.

Has ever wizard been able to conjure a scene
more witchingly beautiful than Scott's color schemes in
The Lady of the Lake? We can travel far and read widely,
but never shall we meet a land of such enchantment and
of such haunting beauty as Scott presents to us in his

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27 Scott, op. cit., p. 244.

28 Ibid., p. 247.
superb poem. He delineates that inexpressible charm by which he allows Nature to weave her way into his poetry, filleting in and out among scenes and characters, supporting and binding them with marvelous dexterity.

He was the greatest in his lyrics . . . . Others [passages] are full of the woodland spirit, of the morning hunting, or the joy of waking into a new day. And some are of exquisite tenderness, solemnity, evening sadness, and spiritual beauty, so fine, so delicate, even so subtle in feeling that they place him for the moment side by side with the great poets. 29

To match the estimation of the critic, we have these hauntingly beautiful lines, perfectly attuned in scene and color,—

And, when the midnight moon should leave
Her forehead in the silver wave,— 30

which imbue the reader with the conviction of Scott's ability to mix colors with the skill and delicacy of American artists.

But Scott paints his scenes in more than delightful colors and mellow pastels. He lines his pictures with deep red splashes of an evening sunset, the dark purple of the heath-bell, and pictures for us the transcending sweetness of ethereal colors changed into a somber shade when he says:

29Stopford Brooke, op. cit., p. 60.
30Scott, op. cit., p. 249.
The summer dawn's reflected hue
To purple changed Loch Katrine blue.31

So darkly glooms yon thunder cloud
That swathes, as with a purple shroud
Benledi's distant hill.32

The magic web of his vari-colored tapestry brings out
sharp contrasts, as is connoted in the description of
the bull slain by the clan of Sir Roderick Dhu, where
he wholly deviates from the lightsome and ethereal and
pictures rare combinations of color.

His hide was snow, his horns were dark,33
His red eye glow'd like a fiery spark.

Thus Scott uses color, now somber, now gay, and again
delicately blended as the mood and the circumstance of
his story may require, always, however, in harmony with
the laws of Nature and her atmosphere.

Similar to Scott's picturing of Nature in clear,
distinct colors in The Lady of the Lake is Longfellow's
revelation of Nature in Evangeline, now in subdued tones
of indefinite reference, and again in telling accents of
clear unclouded hues. He speaks of the "bright array of
hollyhocks" near the doorstep of Evangeline's home, as
well as of the round red harvest moon gleaming "through
the mist of the marshes," and of the "yellow fields" of
the Acadians, but always he describes Nature in the

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31 Ibid., p. 277.
32 Ibid., p. 334.
33 Ibid., p. 293.
vicinity of human habitation. Never does he venture, as does Scott, into the wilderness to describe the colors there painted by Mother Nature in her original habitat. In a prose article written in 1823, Longfellow gives us the key to his own interpretation of Nature when he says:

No poet paints critically from nature; but the ideal world of poetry is not only peopled with its own children but is shadowed and beautified with its own woods, and waters.34

More accurate is he in describing the artificial colors worn by the Acadian women or produced by a man-made fire in the "glare of the burning village." Once only, he ventures to the outskirts of a settlement in Florida to give us a picture,—"Shining with snow-white plumes, large flocks of pelicans waded."35 Much of Longfellow's color, however, is "dreamlike and indistinct and strange," even as, on the whole, is his portrayal of Nature.

How greatly could he have enhanced his description of the lakes of Atchafalaya by a dexterous manipulation of a few strokes of definite color! But, on occasion, he catches a glimpse of the true interpretation of color in poetry, as for example when he says:

Into the evening air, a thin blue column of smoke rose.36


36 Ibid., p. 112.
Then in the golden weather the maize was husked, and the maidens
Blushed at each blood-red ear, for that betokened a lover.

Painted was he with his war-paints,
Stripes of yellow, red, and azure,
Spots of brown and spots of sable
Fanning with his fins of purple.

These are a few examples of definite color as used by the American poet. Upon closer inspection it is found that in Evangeline he emphasizes the delicate and airy color scheme and uses more extravagant colors in some of his other works.

Power

In devious ways does Scott present to the reader the forces of Nature. At times he clothes his message in a subtle question, and again he gives a blunt description of wind and water, or of the seasons of the year. One of the most artfully contrived presentations of Nature forces as background material is the one in which he pictures the Lady of Branksome Castle surrounded by the powers of Nature after the murder of her husband:

Is it the roar of Teviot's tide,
That chafes against the scour's red side?
Is it the wind that swings the oaks?

Without explanation he permits the reader to forge his

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37 Ibid., p. 117.
38 Ibid., p. 157.
39 Scott, op. cit., p. 39.
own interpretation while he trails off on suggestions of sound effects.

More natural is he in his description of the energy imparted to plant life by the sun. Strong and persistent, just as it occurs in Nature, does Scott describe the energizing orb in his production of vegetation on Mother Earth.

The sun had brighten'd Cheviot grey,
And waken'd every flower that blows;
And peeped forth the violet pale,
And spread her breast the mountain rose. 40

As in all other Nature delineations, Scott here too chooses the wildness of Nature in mountain and river, dale and meadow.

How dear the Tweed is to Scott is manifested by the manifold inclusions of that river's name in his poetry. At one time he describes fair Nature in powers of mild constraint when the weak reed is seen "floating down the Tweed." Again he pictures that self-same stream filled with the violence of brute force:

From Yair,—which hills so closely bind,
Scarce can the Tweed his passage find,
Though much he fret, and chafe, and toil,
Till all his eddying currents boil,—41

The power of water had, indeed, won the deep and lasting love of Scott. He relishes the sight of the "angry brook that sweeps the glade," and revels in presence of the

40Ibid., p. 50.
41Ibid., p. 128.
cataract

Whose waters their wild tumult toss
Adown the black and craggy boss
Of that huge cliff...42

and his hunger for excitement is completely satisfied
while he

Couch'd on a shelve beneath its brink,
Rocking beneath their headlong sway,
And drizzled by the ceaseless spray,
Midst groan of rock, and roar of stream.43

However, the force of water is not the only one
to which the poet gave consideration. Velocity of wind
at various speeds has held the fascination of men at all
times; and it is, therefore, not surprising that Sir
Walter becomes enraptured at cursts of wind at varying
speeds:

... November's dreary gale,
Whose voice inspir'd my opening tale,
That same November gale once more
Whirls the dry leaves on Yarrow shore.44

The speeding force of the bleak high winds of autumn
provide a setting that is fitting for the adventurous
tale which unfolds under the magic pen of the poet.
Soft breezes, too, give delight to Scott for he says:

So still, as if no breeze might dare
To lift one lock of hoary hair;45

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42 Ibid., p. 294.
43 Ibid., p. 294.
44 Ibid., p. 162.
No weeping birch, nor aspens wake,
Nor breath is dimpling in the lake.\textsuperscript{46}

Mildly and soft, the western breeze
Just kissed the lake, just stirred the trees;
And the pleased lake like maiden gay,
Trembled but dimpled not for joy;\textsuperscript{47}

A marvelous picture painted in beautiful words is that of Scott's lake. Serene, lovely in her pristine freshness, Loch Katrine manipulates the heartstrings of the poet at will. Without the restraint of Nature's force on the breeze, this presentation would never have been possible, for it is the calmness of the atmosphere which brings about the enhancing qualities of the exquisite beauty of the lake.

Nature powers are charmingly described by Longfellow, particularly in \textit{Evangeline}, of which poem he testifies that "he owed his success to Hawthorne,"

for being willing to forego the pleasure of writing a tale which many people would have taken for poetry, that I might write a poem which many people take for prose—\textsuperscript{48}

As he depicts tints of color, mellow lights and soft music, so too the forces of Nature become gentle and serene under his descriptive hand. How quietly the sea strolls over the lands of the Acadian farmers!

\ldots at stated seasons the flood-gates

\textsuperscript{46}Ibid., p. 265.

\textsuperscript{47}Ibid., p. 277.

\textsuperscript{48}Willis Fletcher Johnson, "Evangeline and Gabriel," \textit{The Commonweal}, September 17, 1930, p. 494.
Opened and welcomed the sea to wander at will o'er the meadows.\textsuperscript{49}

Stately, majestically, in calm deliberation, Longfellow describes the water as doing its work. Even though much strength is required for the task that he assigns to rivers, they accomplish that work without violence. He tells of the wandering Acadians whose travels take them

\begin{quote}
From the bleak shores of the sea to the lands where the Father of Waters
Seizes the hills in his hands, and drags them down to the ocean,
Deep in their sands to bury the scattered bones of the mammoth.\textsuperscript{50}
\end{quote}

Only the poet is able to enhance and beautify the destructive force of erosion, as is so charmingly done by Longfellow. In his poems we find the "turbulent river" and the trailing mosses which wave "like banners that hang on the walls of ancient cathedrals," the "swift hummingbirds, that flitted from blossom to blossom," but above all the proud West- and North-Winds that haughtily whip all Nature into action and present themselves as gods. It is the latter who

\begin{quote}
Painted all the trees with scarlet,
Stained the leaves with red and yellow;
He it was who sent the snow-flakes,
Sifting, hissing through the forest,
Froze the ponds, the lakes, the rivers,
Drove the loon and sea-gull southward.\textsuperscript{51}
\end{quote}

Action, keen and poignant, which accomplishes more than

\textsuperscript{49}Henry W. Longfellow, \textit{op. cit.}, p. 95.
\textsuperscript{50}\textit{Ibid.}, p. 108.
\textsuperscript{51}\textit{Ibid.}, p. 145.
man can ever dream of doing, is brought about by the
deft fingers of Mother Nature. Everywhere, however,
we find the powers of Nature subdued to almost noiseless
action in the works of Longfellow. While Scott splashes
through streams and batters in the spray of the waterfall,
Longfellow makes his observations of the silently flow-
ing water of broad rivers and gives us a tinge of the
quiet numbing cold of winter creeping upon us.

**Odor**

Scott rarely mentions odor as found in Nature.
He is too busy enjoying her lights, painting her colors,
imitating her sounds, and glorifying her powers to give
much consideration to odors. Yet we find a few passages
that convince us that Scott had a distinct sense of
smell, and indirectly he infused the wholesome odor of
morning freshness and idyllic purity into all of his
Nature descriptions. Longfellow had a keener sense of
smell than Scott, and so he transfers us to the salt
tang of the ocean, a distinct odor to which Scott was a
stranger.

Sir Walter speaks of inhaling "The freshness of
the mountain gale," and he knows where to find nooks of
the "sweetest shade." He enjoys the smell of "dry
leaves" and he was familiar with the odors connected
with the "gamepouch, and the fishing-rod." Seldom does
he sniff the air laden with the perfume of flowers.
But vainly did the heath-flower shed
Its moorland fragrance round his head.

Scott is too busy to occupy himself with trifles. He thinks only of big things in life. Odors are vanities for women and not worthy of the consideration of the hale and hearty cowboy poet. However, there is one odor that is most likely more to his taste, and that is the thick odor of blood that accompanies the slaughtering of an animal, for he says:

The bull was slain; his reeking hide
They stretch'd the cataract beside.

Land odors are the only ones ever enjoyed by Scott. The sharp pungency of the ocean with its fish and salt is foreign to him.

Longfellow, on the other hand, brings to our nostrils the heavy smell of the ocean and of the "briny hay, that filled the air with its odor." What has been said of Whittier and the sea has equal application to Longfellow:

He watched the slow tides in their coming and going, the curved surf following the beach line and keeping upon the gray rocks of the headland, by night the water luminous under the moon, reflecting, in the darkness . . . . the sudden shine of the light-house beacon; he listened to the call of the curlew across the bay, to the voices of children playing in the sand, to the cadence of miniature waves on an Indian summer afternoon, or the crash and hiss of a nor'easter bearing sheets of fine rain . . . .

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52 Scott, op. cit., p. 257.
53 Ibid., p. 294.
Subtly delicate he is in forging similes as he compares Evangeline’s love for all mankind to sweet “odorous spices . . . . Filling the air with aroma.” Again he speaks of “Luxuriant blossoms, Filling the air with fragrance.” He describes definite odors in the two poems of which one author has the following to say: 

“. . . the country has not forgotten that to the few notable poems on American subjects Longfellow has contributed two—Evangeline and Hiawatha.”

One of the most charming pictures Longfellow gives us of Evangeline is connected with odors:

Thus did Evangeline wait at her father’s door, as the sunset
Threw the long shadows of trees o’er the broad ambrosial meadows.
Ah! on her spirit within a deeper shadow had fallen,
And from the fields of her soul a fragrance celestial ascended.

One more poignant example of refreshing odor can be traced in “The Driving Cloud,” which Alfred Noyes found to be one of the most elaborate works ever penned by an author in hexameter form.

The poem "To the Driving Cloud," whatever may be the final judgment on the use of the hexameter in English, is the most majestic and gorgeous picture ever painted in literature of the tragic passing of the Red Man.

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55 Anonymous, "A Group of Biographies," The Outlook, LXXII (December 6, 1902), 850.
In this poem we find the strong odors of America in its years of untamed wildness as "when in summer pine trees waft through its chambers the odorous breath of their branches," and the poet offers "the sweet air of the mountains," and suggests the smell of foxes and campfires, of dust and the ammonia of horses' sweat.

There is a delicate charm in all of Longfellow's Nature pictures. At times this delicacy becomes so pure and ethereal that it seems to be of a realm other than that found in our world. Odors are, perhaps, the best example of this because of their evanescent quality. On the whole, his Nature delineations are fleeting and indistinct, while those of Scott are sturdy, robust, and filled with the ardent candor of a manly man.

Sound

It is difficult to imagine anything aesthetically more ennobling and exalting than the melodies Mother Nature offers to man for his enjoyment. Rich and harmonious; loud and prolonged; soft, or rapidly passing into echoes; reverberating through mountain, cavern and forest; passing over hill and dale, the varied symphony of her musical charms endears her to the human heart. Now her sweet strains come to us like the single note of a flute; again, like the unison of all the instruments of a philharmonic orchestra. The pitch, regularity of

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vibration, resiliency of melody found in Nature can be captured only by the great musical artists of the world. Poets, too, comprehend the magic of rhythm and sound, and enamored with the charm of Nature's gift to man convey their sentiments to posterity by means of their symbolic lines.

Both Scott and Longfellow have opened their hearts and minds to the harmonies of Nature, and have presented her beautiful songs with varying effects for the enjoyment of those who are so fortunate as to derive pleasure from their poetry. Scott often revels in descriptions of loud long blasts, while Longfellow preferably modulates tones into soft exquisite melodies. The American poet often synchronizes bird song, with low chords of the "deep voiced ocean," or "pleasant murmurs of the brook."

The buoyant echo of mountain and forest bursting with animation and wild confusion seems to be Scott's favorite theme in the world of sound. The dissonance created by barking dogs, clattering horses' hoofs, loud hallooos of the hunters, and the shrillness of the horns all unite in producing his sublime passage on wild sounds of untamed Nature.

To many a mingled sound at once
The awaken'd mountain gave response.
A hundred dogs bay'd deep and strong,
Clattered a hundred steeds along,
Their peal the merry horns rung out,
A hundred voices join'd the shout;
With hark and whoop and wild halloo,
No rest Benvoirlich's echoes knew. 59

These lines record for us the reverberations of the opening of the hunt on that fateful day when King James of Scotland, lost in the highlands, came upon the sylvan home of Ellen Douglas, with whom he fell in love at their first meeting. Scott does not use echoes solely on joyous occasions. In the instance when the signal of the Fiery-Cross had been given throughout the districts of Roderick Dhu's clan, the din of preparations for war is brought to us and its deafening uproar is heard in Nature's sad voice.

Alas, thou lovely lake! that e'er
Thy banks should echo sounds of fear!
The rocks, the bosky thickets, sleep
So stilly on thy bosom deep,
The lark's blithe carol, from the cloud,
Seems for the scene too gaily loud. 60

Boldly romantic, Scott does not content himself with echoes. He uses the full impact of the most resounding of Nature's voices, that of thunder, with greatest effect. In the Lay he prefaces the disappearance of the imp-dwarf and the manifestation of the ghost of Michael Scott in lines that vibrate with fearful foreboding:

It broke, with thunder long and loud,
Dismay'd the brave, appall'd the proud,--

When ended was the dreadful roar,

59 Scott, op. cit., p. 244.
60 Ibid., p. 283.
The elvish dwarf was seen no more!61

In sound effects, as elsewhere, the background material as used by Scott is filled with German romance. After Ellen Douglas had refused the marriage offer of Roderick Dhu, she had to fly to safety in a hidden retreat. Her father, an outlaw to King James of Scotland, took her to the goblin-cave described by the poet for its romantic weirdness of sounds.

No murmur waked the solemn still,
Save tinkling of a fountain rill;
But when the wind chafed with the lake,
A sullen sound would upward break,
With dashing hollow voice, that spoke
The incessant war of wave and rock.62

Brian's lone dwelling in aboriginal mountain passes produces descriptions of most uncanny scenes in the life of that unhappy man. The inharmonious, untamable shrieks he hears are vividly described by the glib pen of the poet.

Late had he heard, in prophet's dream,
The fatal Ben-Shie's boding scream;
Sounds, too, had come in midnight blast,
Of charging steeds, careering fast
Along Benharrow's shingly side,
Where mortal horsemen ne'er might ride;63

Scott delights in the use of wild fierceness in sound and in the manifestation of this overpowering passion. In this, more than in any other Nature delineation, he reaches the climax of his ability.

61Ibid., p. 97.
62Ibid., p. 289.
63Ibid., pp. 279, 280.
The phantom Knight, his glory fled,
Mourns o'er the field he heaped with dead;
Mounts the wild blast which sweeps again
And shrieks along the battle-plain.  

He also describes the Valkyrs "whose hideous yell maddens the battle's bloody swell," and creates an atmosphere filled with terror where voices are heard which at one time scream out in wild rage and then creep along stealthily while the "distant Tweed is heard to rave," or the "owlet to hoot o'er the dead man's grave." Scott reaches the highest pitch of eerie tones when he recounts the powers of sound in Nature in conjunction with his characterization of the Palmer in Marmion, that sublime poem the hero of which Byron ridiculed in his "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers" as "the golden-crested haughty Marmion," who is "not quite a felon, yet but half a knight." Scott's representation of an evil conscience is magnificently depicted in the maddening uproar of the stream, of the birds, and of heavy mists as presented in this poem.

There eagles scream from shore to shore;
Down all the rocks the torrents roar;
...  
Faster and whiter dash and curl,
Till down yon dark abyss they hurl.
Rises the fog-smoke white as snow,
Thunders the viewless stream below,
Diving, as if condemned to lave
Some demon's subterranean cave,
Who, prison'd by enchanter's spell,

64 Ibid., p. 77.

Shakes the dark rock with groan and yell.
And well that Palmer's form and mien
Had suited with the stormy scene.\(^{66}\)

Besides ideas of German mysticism we find tumult, riot, high pitched action in some passages of Scott's poetry, for "all the rocking hills reply" to the wild shouts engendered by Scott's imagination. At times we feel the cold of winter as "the rising storm" hurls "the hail and sleeted rain, against the casement's tinkling pane," then again we hear the "hoarser yell" as "the stream raced by," thoughts so vividly brought out in passages such as these:

> Was heard the fated thunder's sound,
> Till burst the bolt on yonder shore
> Roll'd, blazed, destroy'd,—and was no more.\(^{67}\)

> An angry brook, it sweeps the glade,
> Brawls over rock and wild cascade,
> And, foaming brown with double speed
> Hurries its waters to the Tweed.\(^{68}\)

Whereas Scott shouts forth his high glee with thundering acclamation of wild Nature, he can on occasion prepare for the reader the harmonious accents of blended musicality.

Because of the beauty of Scott's mild, gentle, and serene harmonies, these harmonies are all the more precious for their rarity. At times his sweet strains are enhanced by lines that glorify silence, deep and

\(^{66}\)Scott, op. cit., pp. 130, 131.

\(^{67}\)Ibid., p. 108.

\(^{68}\)Ibid., p. 107.
golden.

To mute and to material things
New life revolving summer brings;
The genial call dead Nature hears,
And in her glory reappears.69

And silence aids--though the steep hills
Send to the lake a thousand rills;
In summer tide, so soft they weep,
The sound but lulls the ear asleep,
Your horse’s hoof-tread sounds too rude,
So stilly is the solitude.70

Yes, Scott knows when to speak in uproarious thunder,
and when to be silent, with the mute silence of the dead.
Where one would least expect to hear any sound whatever,
Scott surprises us with a precious gem of thought that
conveys the idea of water falling upon rock. In the un-
derground caves of the monastery, as presented in Marmion,
we come upon the delightful exaltation of water droplets
as they ply their trade in utter darkness.

The mildew drops fell one by one,
With tinkling splash upon the stone.71

One last sweet chord evoked by the expert hand of Scott
is ever new yet ever old, when we hear him say:

Like breezes of the Autumn day,
Whose voice inconstant dies away,
And ever swells again as fast,
When the ear deems its murmur past72

This passage reminds the reader of the unending choirs
of heaven that are ever fresh and sweet and poignant

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69 Ibid., p. 108.
70 Ibid., p. 129.
71 Ibid., p. 138.
72 Ibid., p. 144.
with melodies that can never die. Thus too the affection that Sir Walter has engendered in the hearts of his fellowmen, by his marvelous representation of musical ability, will live forever in the hearts of men.

It is a curious coincidence that the two poets, so unlike in many respects, at times draw to each other in close similarity. One striking example is found in both Evangeline and in Marmion, where the poets, each in his own way, describe the age-old chore of milking the cows. Scott's milk-maid shouts forth a shrill song, while the one described by Longfellow silently and demurely performs her daily task.

... idly list the shrilling lay,
With which the milkmaid cheers her way,
Marking its cadences rise and fail,
As from the field, beneath her pail
She trips it down the uneven dale;

Patiently stood the cows meanwhile and yielded the udders
Unto the milkmaid's hand; whilst loud and in regular cadence
Into the sounding pails the foaming stream-lets descended.

We find the milkmaid in Marmion out in the "field," walking "down the uneven dale," carrying the pail on her head and singing a "shrill lay" with all the force she can muster, while the one in Evangeline is silently hunched under the cow and watches the white streams of milk strike the pail with the regular swish of descending

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73Ibid., p. 111.
74Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, op. cit., p. 98.
Among the other arts which Longfellow coalesced with his poetry were music and painting. In both of these he was most proficient, as is seen in his manipulation of sound effects, light shades and color harmonies, which he so dexterously used in his sublime portrayals of Nature. Although one of his critics did not specifically mention the arts, he does give us a clear statement of facts as to uses of art in Longfellow's poetry.

Not only was his poetry itself instinct with artistic power, but his appropriating genius drew within the circle of his art a great variety of illustrations and suggestions from the other arts. . . . He had a catholic taste, and his rich decoration of simple themes was the most persuasive agency at work in familiarizing Americans with the treasures of art and legend in the Old World.  

Of all the aspects of art in Nature, sound must have appealed to Longfellow more than all others, for it is here that he proves himself most sublime. Where Scott forcefully strikes the loud, wild chords of Nature's crashing detonations, Longfellow plays for his readers enchanting melodies of fairy-land symphonies. He lays his scenes in "groves of singing pine-trees," surrounded by the harmonious twitter of birds, or amid "the reign of rest and affection and stillness." He describes Hiawatha when he

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75 Scudder, op. cit., p. 24.
Heard the rushing Sebowisha,  
Heard the rivulet rippling near him.  
Talking to the darksome forest;  
Heard the sighing of the branches,  
\[\ldots\ldots\ldots\ldots\ldots\ldots\ldots\ldots\]  
Heard them, as one hears in slumber  
Far-off murmurs, dreamy whispers;  

Soothing are the melodies plucked from the strings of Nature by the magic fingers of Longfellow, and in his songs there is woven a theme of the melancholy minor key which is one of the characteristics of a Victorian. The adage that a person cannot give what he does not himself possess is true of Longfellow as well as of other men, for he had a marked degree of sadness within his own personality, as is vouched for by one who revered him greatly.

One day . . . . he chanced to stop his carriage just in front of the old Tudor Building in Court street, Boston, to speak to me; and I remember observing then the sweet, wistful, half sad, far-away look in his sensitive face, and thinking he looked like a man who had suffered, or might yet suffer, great affliction.

If such was the impression that Longfellow made when he was unaware of being observed, we can be certain that to him belonged a generous share of sadness which is, in turn, reflected in his writings.

Death and calamity, with which sad solemnity is closely linked, are frequently embodied in Longfellow's poems. At the death and burial of Benedict Bellefontaine,  

\[76 H. W. Longfellow, \textit{op. cit.}, p. 153.\]

the voice of the ocean is heard to sob in sympathy with
the brokenhearted Evangeline and the mourners of the
little congregation. At the conclusion of the story of
Evangeline, the poet makes the sea and the pines eternally lament the misfortunes of the Acadian maid and her lover.

Solemnly answered the sea, and mingled
its roar with the dirges.78

While from its rocky caverns the deep voiced
neighbouring ocean
Speaks, in accents disconsolate answers the
wail of the forest.79

When Evangeline had sung her heart out to him whom she
sought for a life-time,

... not a voice replied: no answer
came from the darkness;
And when the echoes had ceased, like a sense
of pain was the silence.80

Most varied are Longfellow's sound delineations
in Hiawatha, for there we find "The loud-speaking thun-
der," the waves of the brook "flowing with music," "tones
as wild and wayward," "sweet and tender," and "as melancholy," as Nature is capable of producing, and songs
"full of frenzy," "full of gladness," and full of sadness, which all the birds learned from Chitiatos. Here
the reader also "heard the water gurgle," "the fatal
singing arrow," and the snowflakes "sifting, hissing

79 Ibid., p. 121.
80 Ibid., p. 110.
through the forest." Truly, Longfellow is an artist in every phase of his poetry, but he is doubly so in the portrayal of the sound effects which he captures from Nature in the surroundings of human habitation. In Hiawatha, the poem which "was the bridge by which English children of that day rushed to the alluring western world," we find that pathetic sadness which is a fruit of transcendentalism as used by Longfellow.

And the heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah,
From her nest among the pine-trees,
Gave a cry of lamentation,
Gave a scream of pain and famine.82

What heart-rending pain is described in these lines! It is a pain, bitter and without hope, a pain that parches the tongue and fires the eye with unshed tears.

But in his contrasts of sound Longfellow proves himself the artist "par excellence," for here he shows that he is a musician of great ability, as is vouched by the lines in which he produces the harmonies of peace, the discordant notes of war in the haunts of Nature. His lightest touch produces the softest pianissimo which he links with the most flashing fortissimo when he speaks of the shepherd dog, the wolf and the owl surrounding human habitation.

Regent of flocks was he when the shepherd slept; their protector,


82 Henry W. Longfellow, op. cit., p. 152.
When from the forest at night, through the stary silence, the wolves howled.83

Deathlike the silence seemed, and unbroken, save by the herons
Home to their roosts in the cedar-tree returning at sunset,
Or by the owl, as he greeted the moon with demoniac laughter.84

Whereas Longfellow whip the chords of sound-contrast into action with the greatest skill, his soothing measures of soft sweet harmonies delight the hearts of his readers to the utmost capacity of enjoyment. No poet has created such marvelous background for his story as does Longfellow for his Evangeline, who is "touched by the magic spell," and whose eye "Glowed with the light of love" as she listened to the song of the mocking-bird who

Shook from his little throat such floods of delirious music,
That the whole air and the woods and the waves seemed silent to listen.85

Among the sweet chords of this song of the bird so magnificent that it seems "soaring to madness," Longfellow manages to intersperse notes that are "sorrowful, low lamentation," notes which force the tears of deep emotion from the eyes of the listener; notes mingled with happiness and sorrow, joy and expectation; notes of passionate love and of constant fear of losing the

83 Ibid., p. 98.
84 Ibid., p. 109.
85 Ibid., p. 111.
object of affection. Thus he portrays Evangeline as she enters the Têche which will soon bring her to the Louisiana home of Gabriel's father and to a new disappointment.

Another passage beautifully describing varied sounds in Nature is used by Longfellow to represent Evangeline in the heart-rending disappointment after she found that Gabriel had departed from St. Martin only the day before her arrival.

Loud and sudden and near the note of a whippoorwill sounded
Like a flute in the woods; and anon,
through the neighboring thickets,
Farther and farther away it floated and dropped into silence.
"Patience!" whispered the oaks from oracular caverns of darkness:
And, from the moonlit meadow, a sigh responded, "Tomorrow!"

Although she hoped with all the strength of her being that she would be happily re-united to her lover, Evangeline met him only when death cast its shadows over the life she had longed to share and the song of her hope of the life spent with Gabriel became silent in the stillness of death.

Evangeline is the incarnation of pure, noble, loyal, trustful womanhood—a product of Catholicism, for "Someone has said that a woman without religion is like a flower without fragrance." The sweet odor of

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86 Ibid., p. 115.
87 Anonymous, The Nation, LXXV (October 16, 1902), 362.
Evangeline's Catholicity permeates this beautiful poem and enhances its charm; and it is such literature which makes "The reading of Longfellow ... like sitting by the fireside of sympathetic and cherished companion." 88

CHAPTER VII

RECAPITULATION

Dame Nature, whose exquisite splendor so completely captivated the hearts of Scott and Longfellow in totally divergent ways, has fascinated, and will continue to fascinate, the minds of men to the end of time. Her powers, her charms and her beauty, as well as every aspect of her wild frenzy enthralled Scott and made of him an admiring devotee, who in his turn serenaded the queen of the great out-of-doors in songs of love. The faintest ray of dawn, the glaring, quivering mass of lightning that passes with the twinkle of an eye, the calm, steady downpour of sunlight on midsummer's noonday are all hidden away in the secret citadels of Scott's romantic poetry. His pages sparkle in the crystal clearness of brilliant lights reflecting the beauty and grandeur of the God Who made them.

With the aid of lights that illumine earth and sky, Scott points out to his readers the magnificent array of colors which Nature so unstintingly supplies for the enjoyment of man. The poet with parchment as canvas, words for brushes and ideas for colors, produces masterpieces of riotous color interspersed with mellow
shades and delicate pastels. He depicts the exquisite flower that with its gorgeous beauty embellishes the wild mountain passes; the autumnal foliage with its varied shades of the entire spectrum; the hues of the golden sunset, unsurpassable by anything made by man.

Scott's works are dominated by the powers of Nature. The thunder rolls with mighty blasts. The waters of the Tweed and the Teviot lash themselves into fury and with groans and a tumult of roars carry with them rocks and boulders. Not only does he picture the brute force of Nature that shows itself in storms, the uprooting of trees and the spread of havoc in general, but he also describes her gentle forces with great dexterity. The soothing breezes that caress the tree tops, the tiny gusts of wind that crinkle the lake into dimpling wavelets, the silent persuasive force of the sun's rays upon the growth of seedlings and new buds, become realities to the reader as he peruses the lines of this magical writer who pledged his services to fair Dame Nature.

Musical sounds, as found in Nature, entranced the ear of Scott. He reveled in the luxurious notes of bird song. He delighted in the forceful roar of thunder as well as the abysmal silence of an underground cave. The soft murmur of flowing water brought ecstasies of delight to his Nature-loving heart. His magical interpretation of natural melodies open our ears to the
musical notes of the lark’s early song, as well as to the tinkle of the flowing brook. With the moan of the tide he weaves the crash of the waterfall as it sweeps headlong over precipices.

Scott tasks in the unconquerable wildness of Nature’s untamed and unsurpassable bounty. From her he learned his lessons in magnanimity, truth, patience, and above all in that hope which helped him to overcome every obstacle and to conquer every sorrow. Scott loved Nature with a deep, impassioned love such as he was unable to bestow upon anything else. He found rest, and peace, and happiness upon the bosom of Nature even as a child finds contentment and security in the arms of its mother.

Whereas Scott revels in the portrayal of Nature in both her freaks and her subdued moods of the wilderness, Longfellow chooses to describe her in close surroundings of the home, and in more sedate aspects. The ephemeral lights that disperse a mysterious splendor throughout Longfellow’s poems are feminine in their beautiful delicacy, as well as in their subtle frailty. This hauntingly mellow luminosity envelops the incidents in Longfellow’s poems; and, at the same time, it casts over them a spell of melancholy, a veritable pall of gloom and dark forebodings. It pictures the drab greys as well as the soft pastels that enhance the characters and scenes in his poems. Yes, Longfellow is close to Nature, but it is a closeness quite unlike that of Sir Walter.
Longfellow paints for us pictures of beauty, of nobility, and of transcendent sweetness, but over them he stretches the filmy web of evanescent splendor, of subtle fancy, and of pure imagination. Tantalizingly he weaves fair Nature and her work into his lines, making her flit in and out among them until she is an inseparable part of the poems he wrote.

Although the poets of all nations, all times and of all tongues have contributed to the halo of glory that encircles the brow of Queen Mother Nature, nevertheless the work that Scott and Longfellow have done for her glorification surpasses that of other writers. They have celebrated her glory in terms of the common man and their poems are understood and read by the majority of men. Particularly adaptable are their works to the growing minds of our youth. Once an adolescent has developed a love for the works of Scott and Longfellow, he will continue his search for pure, unadulterated and ennobling literature in the great storehouses of the world’s libraries.
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